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AUGUST 24, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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1/=

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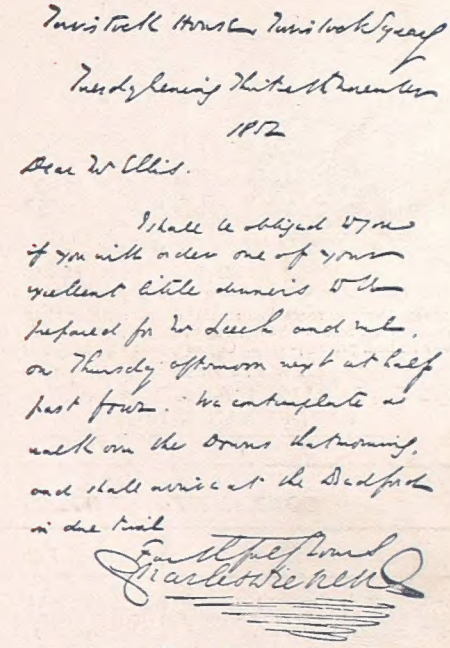

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JERSEY—*continued*

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The Bystander, August 24, 1932

No. 1497. Vol. CXV.

The BYSTANDER

Edmund Harrington

THE HON. SHEILA BERRY

The Hon. Sheila Berry is the attractive daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, and the fourth of a large family, as she has an elder sister and two brothers, and there are four younger members of it. Her elder sister married Mr. Ronald McNair Scott two years ago. Lady Camrose entertained a good deal for Miss Sheila Berry during the season

Sir Henry and Lady Norman give a swimming party every Tuesday at Clos de la Garoupe, their Cap d'Antibes villa, and the above snapshot, which includes Mr. Nigel Norman, Sir Henry Norman, Miss Sybil Pitman, and Mr. Christopher Wood, was taken at one of these popular events

Riviera Neighbours

Châteaux and Villas

Above: two more guests at Lady Norman's: Mr. John Hanbury-Williams, who bought his party hat at the Antibes Bazaar, and Mrs. Cox, whose husband is at the American Embassy

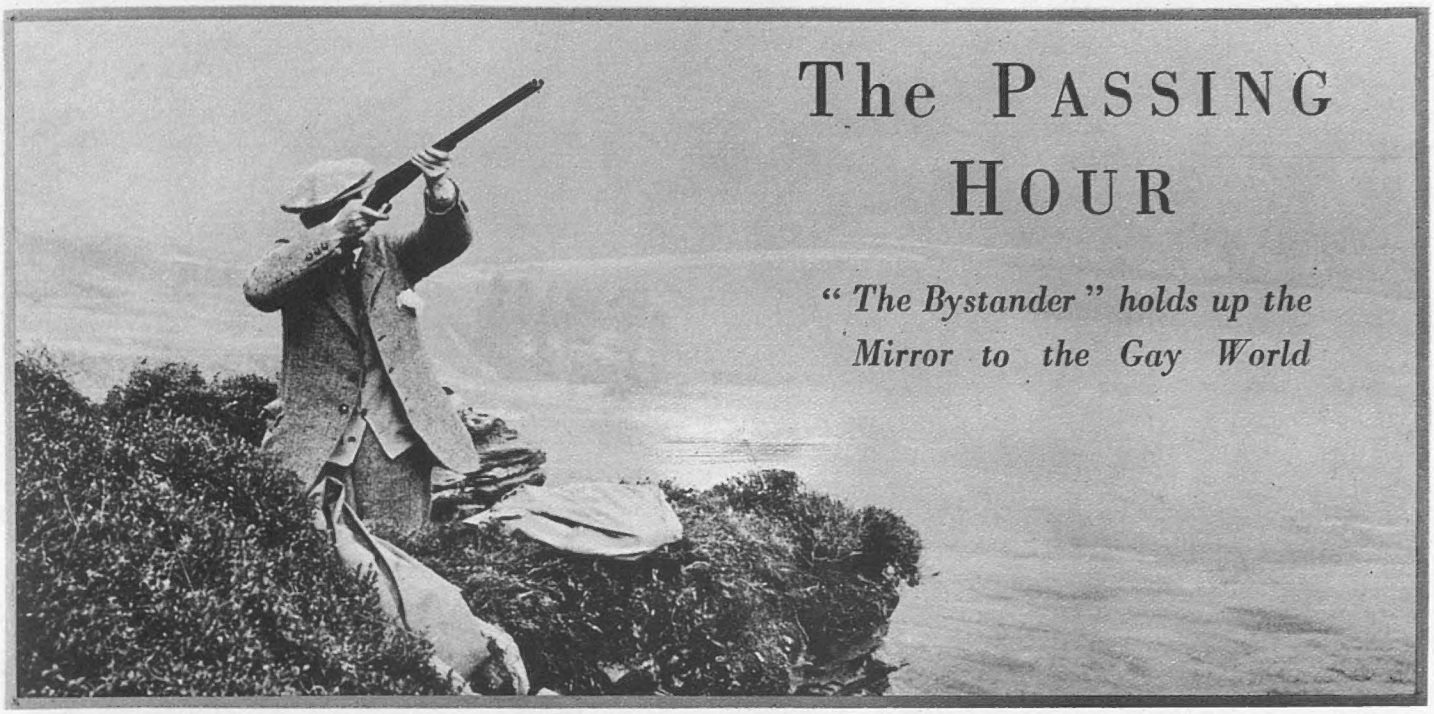
Left: Mrs. Hanbury-Williams and her sister-in-law, Miss Hanbury-Williams, swimming off the Norman's villa, Clos de la Garoupe. Lady Norman's father, Lord Aberconway, owns the Château de la Garoupe, close by

In the swimming-pool at Sir Pomeroy and Lady Burton's Château la Croe, which is next door to the Château de la Garoupe owned by Lord Aberconway: Miss Cynthia and Miss Frances-Mary Wills, whose mother also has a neighbouring villa, with Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Anthony Norman, Lord Aberconway's two grandsons

A trio of guests at Lady Norman's swimming and cocktail party: Miss Sybil Pitman, Miss Mary Corbett, and Mlle. Antoinette d'Aubas de Gratiolette, daughter of Baron de Gratiolette, who is well known in the French racing world

The PASSING HOUR

" The Bystander " holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



In the " Pulpit "

Colonel G. Kinsman was one of the guns in Sir Albert Whitaker's party at Auchnafree, near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, for the Twelfth. He was photographed while shooting from the " Pulpit " butt, which stands in a somewhat giddy position, 300 feet above the river Almond

ONCE again the West End is full of familiar faces. The Brougham and Vaux's are back. So is Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, who was lunching with Lady Furness and Mrs. Thaw, her two sisters, at Quaglino's the other day. Lady Anne Wellesley was to be seen in her new Scotch tweeds before leaving for Glentanar, where her uncle is entertaining for the grouse shooting. Lord Ratendone and Captain Buckmaster were sitting nearby, while dotted round the room next evening and looking for paragraphs were Lord Donegall, Captain Tattersall, and Mr. Thomas Driberg, who was sitting with Mr. Esmond Harmsworth in an interesting party.

BUT the person who was perhaps most welcome of all to Ernest and Quaglino was Signor Grandi. Italian restaurateurs can have no greater honour than an early visit from their Ambassador. One of these days I suspect that Quaglino will find himself a " commendatore." He has just returned from his first holiday for three years, and now it is his brother's turn to have a break.

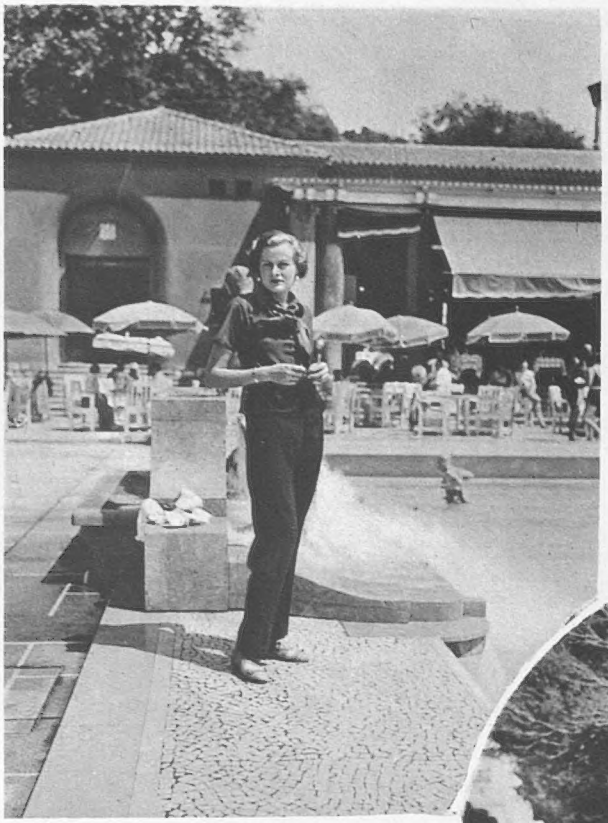
CRUISING continues to be very popular. Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, to whom I have just referred, is now on a cruise in the Strathaird with the inimitable Eddie Tatham. To-day, too, Sir Arthur Michael Samuel, Lord and Lady D'Abernon, and one or two assorted bishops, embark on the Queen Mary for a cruise down the Dalmatian coast and round to Constantinople.

ONE of the most interesting visitors in London at the moment is Count Metternich, who has arrived very quietly, and was to be seen at the Dorchester—where, despite the time of year, they have 180 guests. These include Lady Hambro, who is awaiting " a happy event," like Lady Veronica Hornby, and has given up her London residence entirely, and the McCanns, about whose yacht, Chalena, one still continues to hear new and entertaining stories. Last week I mentioned Lord Brecknock as having been the central figure in one incident. Mrs. Peter Thursby and Lord Tennyson can, I believe, tell you about others. Better even than the yacht is the McCanns' new motor-car, which you could see last week in the garage at the

Left: Lord Scarsdale, whose regulation South of France dress is supplemented by a yachting cap, had just landed at the Eden Roc to bathe, after a trip in the Wills's speedboat, Silver Star

On the Rocks

Lady Gunter is one of the many people who are down at Seaview, in the Isle of Wight, which is one of the most amusing and Continental-like of any English seaside resorts



Above: Miss Bunting Stephenson, all in dark blue, was photographed by the swimming pool at the popular Monte Carlo beach. She is a niece of Captain Denzil Cope

An Eden Roc quartette: Miss Alice Belmont and Miss Susan Rosenburg, both from the U.S.A., with Mr. P. G. Wharry and Mr. Jim Philipson, the younger son of "Punch" Philipson, the well-known racquets player

Right: Mrs. Pat Anderson, who also wears dark blue pyjamas, has been staying with Lady Bearsted at her South of France villa. She is the wife of Major Pat Anderson, and a sister of Sir Robert Abdy

Dorchester. It is a Nervastella from the United States, and its oddity is that its chassis is designed exactly like a hansom cab, right down to the lamps on each side, and the doors, which open upwards and outwards from the centre when the chauffeur pulls a lever. It is most remarkable, but how awkward it would be if the lever did not work one fine day!

On these hot nights and afternoons many people are motoring down to the riverside. Last Sunday week, at Bray, the lawns were crowded, the centre of attraction being Gloria Swanson and her baby and the baby's pram and the baby's nurse and the baby's father. The order is not to suggest precedence in interest. It was displayed, wheeled this way and that, for about an hour. Well, well! Gloria Swanson wore smoked glasses, and was photographed in fifteen different positions.

Steve Donoghue also showed up, and so did Mr. Richard Norton and Miss Jeanne Stuart, who had abandoned stockings, and Captain Joliffe, who has just bought the agency for Pommery, on behalf of a syndicate, and is soon going off to stay in India with the Maharajah of Rajpipla. Also on the lawns was M. de Renard, the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires, and Count and Countess Torata.

He is at the Spanish Embassy, but as his father died two months after the Republic was formed, and no new titles are to be created, he is, officially speaking, only Señor Fernando Valdez. His wife is one of the prettiest women in London, and surprised everyone by taking out a row-boat and pulling a very nice oar.

Apropos Spain, I heard to-day that the Duchess of Peneranda, who really started the craze for sunburn among English people, has, after some months, become reconciled to domestic life again, and has gone off on a second honeymoon. I wonder whether that will happen to the lady whose elopement two months ago caused such a sensation in Mayfair.

Back in London at the Ritz there is still quite a good crowd. An unexpected face there lately was that of Miss Diana

Captain R. S. Hudson, M.P., and Mrs. Hudson have been staying at Bembridge, and the camera met them just as they were putting off in their dinghy. Captain Hudson's constituency is now Southport; he used to be M.P. for Whitehaven

Fishwick, who was just going off to have a round at Sunningdale. The other day she completely discomfited Lord Westmorland. Playing him level and off the men's tees, she beat him on the thirteenth green. Lord Westmorland, whose handicap is six, is now wanting a return match.

AMONG other things, Miss Fishwick told me that in her opinion the new course at Le Touquet is the best in Europe, including Great Britain. That is a remarkable tribute from a golfer of her standing, and not to be discounted because she won the French Ladies' Championship the other day. She really means it.

LORD and Lady Jersey have been doing a round of visits and are not expected back at Osterley for some weeks. After opening the Welsh Eisteddfod at Port Talbot on the final day, before twelve thousand people, Lord Jersey left for Dynevor, where he and Lady Jersey spent the week-end. They then went north to Plas Newydd, where they were the guests of the Angleseys, and now Lord and Lady Dufferin are entertaining them in Ireland.

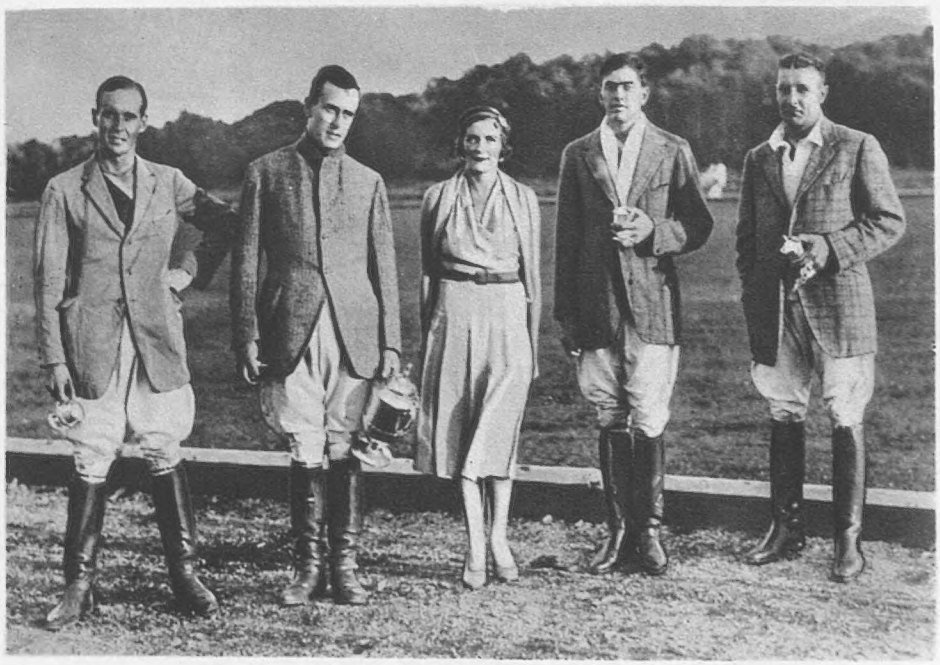
ONE of the only parties scheduled for London last week was given by Miss Mala Brand at the swimming-pool of the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House, "in honour of" Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt and Lady Furness and Mrs. Thaw. Several of the guests, having come back only the previous day from the South of France, were remarkably brown and exotic-looking, and they all had amusing things to say about the South of France.

THE only other event of the week was the first night of John van Druten's play at the St. James's Theatre. Noel Coward was there, and was quickly spotted by the gallery. Lady Portarlington wore one of the new white feather boas. Lord and Lady Milford Haven showed up, and so did Lady Ravensdale, whose house was broken into the previous evening. On that

Two photographs taken at the North Bute Highland Games at Rothesay: Above are the Earl of Wharncliffe, the Earl and Countess of Dumfries and (right) Lady Moira Forbes, Lady Dumfries's sister, and on the left are the Earl of Dumfries and his brother, Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, acting as judges for the tug-of-war

Judging a Tug-of-War

On the golf course at Gleneagles, Perthshire: Captain Amcotts Wilson, Sir Mathew Wilson's brother, with Miss Grace Pollitzer



Lady Louis Mountbatten, who is staying at Brioni, presented the Malta Brioni Challenge Cup to the Malta polo team, which won it. The members of the team are Lieut.-Commander Wentworth, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lieut. the Hon. Keith Rous and Captain Neville

occasion, the door-man at the Dorchester flung himself full length at one of the thieves, but missed him by yards, and he escaped into the wide open spaces of Hyde Park.

ACROSS the Channel, Lady Mary Lygon and Lord Elmley are with their father at Dieppe. Lord Carrick is playing golf at Le Touquet. Lord Caledon and Sir Richard Sykes are in the South of France, like the Scarsdales and Lady Seafield. I hope to have some more news about Antibes and Cannes for you next week. The heat seems to have overcome all propensities for letter-writing from there at the moment.

Bassano

Miss Annette Browne-Clayton

Miss Browne-Clayton is the only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. R. C. Browne-Clayton, of Browne's Hill, Carlow; she announced her engagement last month to Mr. Andrew Horsburgh-Porter, 12th Royal Lancers, who is Sir John Horsburgh-Porter's only son

ENGAGEMENTS in August are infrequent, but that of Captain Tattersall has been followed by Lord Bandon's to Miss Betty Playfair. It is odd that, while so many of our "well-knowns" fly their own machines, Lord Bandon is, I think, our only peer in the Royal Air Force. His sister is Lady Cynthia Tothill, who also does a certain amount of flying—though she has not got a pilot's certificate.

THIS year, so far, has been remarkably barren as far as engagements are concerned. Perhaps, though, the Scottish Season will be more fruitful. There is something about the monotony of a shooting lodge and the isolation of the farthest butt which conduces to romance. The real truth of the matter, though, is that there are so few young men who can afford to marry, and these are all pretty case-hardened already.

IT seems time, though, that Mr. John Mason, Mr. Toby Waddington, Mr. Charlie Birkin, among others, should make a final choice. On the other hand, if they did not distribute their favours as much as they have been doing, there would be nothing like enough young men to go round. As it is, débutantes have to search high and low for suitable escorts. As one of them says so often: "the only nice men I know are married."

Leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, under the swords of their Naval guard of honour: Lt.-Commander Richard Southern, R.N., and Miss Patricia Reid, whose wedding took place there last week

THE season suddenly revived itself for twenty-four hours at the week-end, when Miss Margaret Whigham returned from Baden-Baden, and held court at Quaglino's. Mr. Robert Sweeney, Mr. Charles Sweeney, Mr. Eddie Tatham, Sir Robert Throckmorton, and others of her many admirers filed into the restaurant in day clothes, against all the rules of the house, but to the great excitement of everybody. Miss Whigham declares that she found two night-clubs in Baden-Baden, but neither of them as good as the Embassy.

"I AM bursting with health; I have been walking up and down hill until my feet are almost worn out." She went on to say that she had been in Baden-Baden since the middle of the season, and felt most unhappy when she saw in THE BYSTANDER the accounts of all the many parties she was missing. She has now gone up North, and will be doing a round of visits in Scotland. The result of her cure and of her hilly walking excursions, which, incidentally, are good training for climbing to that isolated farthest butt, is that she has become even slimmer.

A. Owen

At Gleneagles, which, besides being one of Scotland's great golfing centres, is a most popular port of call for people who are on their way north or south by car: Mrs. G. Todd, whose husband is in the 9th Lancers, talking to Miss Ena Borland, of Kincardine Castle

I MET a man lately who has just signed on to go on the world cruise of the Empress of Britain, starting in November. He wonders how many and what sort of clothes he should take. The list supplied by the Company is somewhat attenuated, probably to prevent possible passengers being agitated by the amount of kit they ought to take. He, however, is going to be on the safe side with eight lounge suits, five monkey jackets, seven blazers of regimental and club colours, and goodness knows how many bathing dresses, flannels and what-nots.

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

HAVE you ever noticed how tall our Duchesses are in comparison to our Marchionesses? The Duchess of Portland, very distinguished; the Duchess of Sutherland, very handsome; the Duchess of Westminster, dark and good-looking: then the Marchioness of Queensberry, petite, vivacious and talented; the Marchioness of Cambridge, short and quiet; the Marchioness of Douro, clever and charming.

I HEAR that the news of a certain brunette's intention to travel north is causing a flutter in a Highland dove-cot.

I AM always hearing men describe women as having a "hard face," so it is amusing to note a few of our friends who definitely have not come into that category. Lady Weymouth is one—her expression has great intelligence, but also much sweetness. Lady Nunburnholme is, of course, another. She is beautiful and very feminine. Lady Brownlow, Mrs. Jack Feilden, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour are others who show a charming, gentle nature in their faces.

MME. ALICE NIKITINA is at the Lido, where she has a large public of admirers. She is so alive and so intensely interested in life, which shows in her art. London is getting more and more interested in the ballet, which had a most successful season.

Miss Elizabeth Coates is the younger daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Celia Coates, and a granddaughter of the Marquess of Crewe. She is eighteen, and a débutante of this year. Her sister married Mr. H. D. Cuthbert in 1931

THERE is much rivalry between the Casinos of Cannes and Monte Carlo. The latter has had the seductive, all-conquering Maurice Chevalier as a guest, but Cannes has answered by producing the evergreen and much-loved Mistinguette. Two great artists of whom France might reasonably be proud.

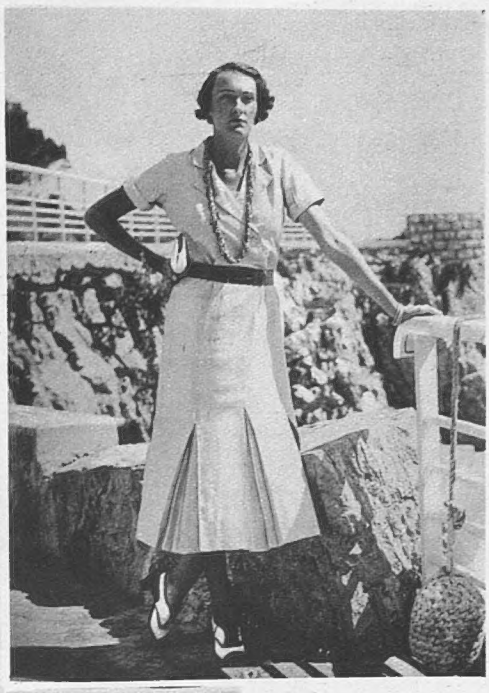
WHO look their best in Country versus London clothes? Miss Flavia Forbes, for one, with her lovely flaming red hair; Mrs. Drogo Montagu, for another; Miss Dorothy Hyson, and curly-headed Lady Brecknock. On the other hand, Mrs. Cecil Pim is obviously at her best in her best. Lady Dashwood, of course, and certainly Lady Buchanan-Jardine.

SHALL we talk about the men? Perhaps not, but, by the way, what is Lord Ivor Churchill's best?

A FRENCHWOMAN asked "Which was the most exclusive set in England?" I answered, "the Cadogan Square. The four sisters who are always together, if possible."

SOME people look their best in original and unusual clothes, sometimes almost fancy dress. Princesse Emeline de Broglie is one; Lady Abdy is another. The Beaton sisters are always at their best in dresses which might have been designed for a fairy ballet. Mme. Lelong looks marvellous in slightly exaggerated or exotic clothes. How much I admire her graceful dark beauty!

ALL the most devoted of married couples seem to be or have been on the Riviera. Lady Seafield and her good-looking husband, Lord Brougham and Vaux and his lovely blonde wife, the Drogo Montagus, and, for a short visit only, the Charles Cavendishes, still honeymooning, and, oh, so happy!



Miss Sheilah Hennessy, who is staying at Cap d'Antibes with her brother and sister, was photographed outside the Eden Roc pavilion. She is the younger of Captain Richard Hennessy's two daughters

WHY was a certain very young sportsman called South—urgently—after The Twelfth?

EARS are sneaking away again under curls, after having had a nice naked time. Miss Diana Coventry still shows hers. What fun she is, so gay and so good at a party! So does Lady Bridget Parsons, who looks a little wistful at times. It is becoming, but makes one wonder why; she is so young and lovely. Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge wears her hair brushed back with polished chic. She is one of the smartest women in Europe.

WHY is a titled gentleman incensed against Mediterranean days and Mediterranean nights?

WHO are described by the following:
"The icicle."
"Safety first."
"Fat-legs."
"Lizzy."
"Mug-face."
"Toots."

I HEAR the Barcarolle has been altered at a Cannes villa to "Night of Stars and Dawn of Sadness."

HOW very English some of our peers look—quite as they should. Lord Westmorland, to look at, is obviously an ideal Englishman; Lord Londesborough is tall and fair, also Lord Queensberry. Lord Brougham and Vaux's height is much admired by foreigners, but he is not a blonde. The most representative Duke from this point of view is, of course, the Duke of Sutherland.

EVERYONE is wondering what a young good-looking American millionaire will make of the Riviera now he has been left there alone.

A RICH young man has found a tartar since last year. Research is marvellous, isn't it?

LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE is always right up to the last word of fashion: her huge, gold handcuff bracelet is very new. I know no one else with one exactly the same. Her vogue of flowered chiffon has been universally popular, but Mrs. Tom Mills, Lady Ashley, and Lady Forres still love their floral designs even while the popular effect is plain colours.

The Lady Elizabeth Coke

Proud Mothers of The Newest Generation

Above: Lady Elizabeth Coke married Viscount Coke's eldest son, the Hon. Thomas Coke, last year, and their baby daughter was born in July. The baby is a great-granddaughter of the Earl of Leicester and a granddaughter of the Earl of Hardwicke

The Lady May Abel Smith

Above: H. M. the Queen was one of the godparents of Ann Mary Sibylla, the daughter of Captain and Lady May Abel Smith who was christened last week. Lady May Abel Smith is the only daughter of the Earl of Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and was married to Captain Abel Smith last year

Right: Viscount and Viscountess Gage's son and heir is also to have a Royal godparent, as H.M. the King has consented to act as godfather. Viscountess Gage before her marriage last year was the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, and is Lord and Lady Desborough's younger daughter

Photos Hay Wrightson

The Viscountess Gage

Racing: Mounts in the Mountains

By "Regular"

IN contrast to Paris, where social ostracism is the lot of those who attend trotting races, in Switzerland the Pferderennen are frightfully O.K. My concierge, who knows everything, from the time the Funicular starts to the winner of next year's Derby—a man in a million—told me I must go, and, as usual, he was right.

SIMILARLY, my journey from the centre of Lucerne to the racecourse was entirely different from my terrifying experience in Paris. On leaving the town, my taxi-driver got mixed up with the military band, who, although they had remained neutral during the war, had obviously heard all about Verdun, so, accordingly, I was conveyed to the course with full military honours.

THE local inhabitants, under the impression that some celebrity was in their midst, gave me a great reception. Men waved their caps, women held up their babies to let them see the great personage, while children pushed their autograph books through the window for me to sign, but I blushingly refused. Later in the day, the spectacle of my betting at the frs. 5 tote, must have been a rare sock in the eye for the enemies of Democracy.

ALL Switzerland seemed to be at the races; in fact, the mountains bore quite a deserted appearance, so great was the influx of visitors to Lucerne. Not an alpenroot stirred from its corner of the chalet, nor a rücksac bestrode the shoulders of a stout mountaineer; Funiculars ceased to function, while no yodel disturbed the chamoix grazing contentedly at their ease at an angle of 85 degrees on the nursery slopes of the Jungfrau.

THE Lucerne racecourse is small—in fact, beside it, Ally Pally would look like Salisbury Plain, but for this you mustn't blame the Swiss, who are a big, open-handed nation, with nothing parsimonious about them, and I speak from experience, as I 'm living en-pension.

THE trouble is that the amount of level ground is extremely limited, and the boundaries of the course are lake, mountain, another mountain, and more lake, so unless you want to race from peak to peak, and back again to peak, finishing up with two furlongs up the lake (breast-stroke), you have to be content with a small racecourse.

To my unbounded delight, the first race was a Damen-Preis, which is easily understandable to those with a knowledge of railway-station German, but for the benefit of those who have enjoyed a classical education, I will translate into Ladies' Race.

I HASTENED to the paddock to look them over. Three fraus and four frauleins were due to compete, and my eagle eye fell immediately on Fraulein Mende, who, judging from the quality and quantity of her male escort, was obviously the local Miss Whigham, though, attractive as she was, hardly comparable with our own product.

NEVERTHELESS, mounted on a skew-bald Arab, Fraulein Mende was a sight for sore eyes all right, so, with my pocket dictionary in one hand (and five francs in the other and don't forget the Swiss franc is worth over a shilling), I betook myself to the Tote.

EITHER Fraulein Mende had made a study of Gordon Richards at Brighton, or the starter had not failed to appreciate a good thing when he saw it—anyway, Fraulein Mende got a flyer, six lengths clear of anything.

ARABS, however, are proverbially "funny." In fact, Colonel Lawrence is the only man I 've heard of who could get much "forrarder" with them. Fraulein Mende's Arab produced a typical example of desert humour, for, after having gone like a scalded cat for about a furlong, he decided that a mild pleasantry would not be out of place, so he slowed down to a comfortable canter and finished last.

HANDSOME is as handsome does, and there was nothing particularly striking about Frau Klon or her mount, save that the latter stood nearly 17 hands, but the combination ran out an easy winner.

THE Swiss system of judging would hardly commend itself to our own idea of how things should be done. Half a dozen of the pillars of Lucerne gather together on a crow's-nest above the winning-post, and, as the horses approach, show commendable enthusiasm at so inspiring a spectacle.

IT is after the horses have passed the post, however, that the fun starts, for an argument then ensues which would make the discussion they have at neighbouring Geneva appear very small fry.

AS is only to be expected from a nation which spends the greater part of its time hanging on to the side of a mountain by its eyebrows, the Swiss are a patient race, and view this delay at hoisting the winning number with a calm resignation which does them immense credit.

I SUPPOSE, to people who take avalanches in their stride, and regard a mountain as something they must get to the other side of, either by climbing over the top of it or by digging a hole through it, a delay of five minutes, while half a dozen overheated gentlemen argue what 's won, appears a matter of very small moment.

To one whose climbing has been confined to a peregrination up Primrose Hill, and whose burrowing 'neath the soil to a ride home on the District, I must confess the delay proved a trifle irksome.

IN one respect, however, the Swiss racecourse authorities need no instruction from us—the programme is run to the minute. No matter whether the race is for ladies, professional jockeys, amateurs, or soldiers, they are weighed out immediately after the preceding race, and, unless there is a delay at the start, the race takes place at precisely the appointed time.

A HOLIDAY in such glorious surroundings is something to dream about, but one can tire of even the loveliest scenery—yes, even, of a lake to bathe in, which is eternally blue, and of a sun which turns you a deep brown but doesn't blister. I can hear the Ebor calling!

Mr. B. R. Graham, son of Sir Francis Graham, returning to weigh in after winning the Jarvis Welter Handicap on Postboy at Northolt Park

Kempton Park in Summer Garb

The field entering the straight for home in the Vauxhall Plate at Kempton Park, won by Mr. F. Sedgwick's Little Wyvis, ridden by R. A. Jones, from a field of 22 runners

The local dance orchestra would be conducted by the Hon. Anthony Vivian

The Hon. Anthony Asquith's film efforts would while away the evenings

The Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine would settle down as estate agent

Lord Weymouth could also capably undertake the management of the estates

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg is a carpet and firework expert, and on the desert island inhabited by "blue-blooded" young men, which is described in this article, he and his "black-coated" colleagues would come in very useful, anyhow, as soon as a certain stage of civilisation had been achieved with its necessary luxuries

BLUE BLOOD

WHEN the Russian Revolution broke out, the Russian aristocracy found itself in a bad way. Few of its members knew how to earn a living in foreign countries. Some became taxi-cab drivers in Paris. Some became gigolos at Cannes. Some, like Prince Obolensky and the Grand Duke Dmitri, married rich wives. Some, like Prince Youssopoff, escaped with enough money to start dressmaking businesses. Prince George of Russia became an interior decorator in Victoria, and is now a floor-walker in Fifth Avenue. Prince Dmitri has recently gone on the Stock Exchange.

If a sudden upheaval had occurred in this country in 1917, our own aristocracy would have been almost equally hard hit, so few of them had expected to have the need to earn a living. It would have been a still more deplorable outlook for them forty years ago.

TO-DAY the aristocracy can be almost anything except a dentist. It is true that I can think of no doctors with courtesy titles, nor any members of the peerage who are in the pawnbroking business. But there is no reason to suppose that this deficiency will continue. Lord Falmouth's sister, Miss Pamela Boscawen, started a second-hand clothes shop nearly five years ago. And there is not much difference between that and pawnbroking. One may be sure that the first peer who will fill a cavity in your tooth will reap a rich reward from social climbers. You can almost hear them say: "Dear Lord Tutbury, he does stop a tooth in such a distinguished way; don't you think so, dear? I always go to him."

But with this exception any uninhabited isle where the peerage was marooned would soon be humming with activity. Lord Bective would fix all the electric lights and candelabra in a truly professional way. Mr. David Rhys, the son of Lord Dynevor, who is now a reception clerk at the Dorchester, knows from experience how to wait at table, clean the dishes, look after cigars, show you to your room, and generally act as host. Mr. Percy Thellusson would know how to decant wines and ice the champagne. Mr. David Tennant, the brother of Lord Glenconner, would run the local night-club just as brilliantly as he controls the Gargoyle, and in his spare time would act as wireless announcer, as he did for so long at Savoy Hill. As soon as enough accommodation was built, Mr. Hamish Erskine, the vivacious young son of Lord Rosslyn, would settle down happily, no doubt, to his former occupation of clerk in an estate agent's office. Food, of a kind, would furnish the Duke of Atholl with no difficulties at all. As a director of a world-famous firm of beef extract, he would no doubt be invaluable. Colonel Peter Combe, the husband of Lady Moira Combe, in turn, would display complete sang froid in the event of a departmental store being erected. He has worked in one for months past in Piccadilly. In the event of a few motor-cars being washed ashore, Lord March, Lord Herbert Scott, Lord Cottenham, and Mr. Richard Curzon, the son of Lord Howe, would at once take charge of the proceedings, and probably have a concours d'élégance d'automobiles in no time. Lord Tweedmouth's practical knowledge of beer would also be invaluable, while Lord Portarlington's professional gift for coachwork would be of the greatest possible assistance.

EDITED jointly by the Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. Seymour Berry, the sons of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Camrose, the local newspaper would perhaps have too many gossip columns to suit the average taste. But Lord Castlerosse and Lord Donegall could both be

Lord Donegall could be expected to assist with any of the descriptive reporting

Lord Louis Mountbatten could send an S.O.S. as signals and wireless expert

The Hon. David Tennant would run the local night club or act as wireless announcer

and BLACK COATS

By CHARLES GAY

expected to assist in descriptive reporting. I forget the name of the peer who writes thrillers, but he could certainly do the serial. Mr. Leo Russell would be the advertising manager. Lord Dunsany would write the topical verse, and even start the new religion. He has invented an extremely complicated one already. The management of the estates could be left in the capable hands of Lord Weymouth. Mr. Tony Vivian, the son of Lord Vivian, would conduct the local dance orchestra. Mr. W. G. Brownlow, the son of Lord Lurgan, could earn his living out of the vocal accompaniment to gramophone records. Mr. Hugh Lygon would act as trainer of the local horses, if any, which Lord Leigh's brother would handicap, while Captain Tommy Graves, the next Lord Graves, would continue in his capacity as bookmaker. Lord Milford Haven, if the weather was hot, would doubtless lend his previous knowledge of refrigerators and vacuum cleaners to the community.

The Hon. Max Aitken might have too many gossip columns in his newspaper, but if there was any money to bank, Lord Charles Cavendish (right) would bank it with aplomb

MR. ROWLAND LEIGH would write lyrics and plays, in which Lord Cowley would act, to while away the evenings, which might or might not be enlivened by the film efforts of Mr. Anthony Asquith. Mr. Jim Lawrence would be in charge of any housing scheme that was afoot. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, with his unrivalled knowledge of carpets, would be of the greatest help, when he was not taking part in firework displays. Lord Poulett, after his training with the Great Western Railway, would be in charge of all heavy mechanics, with Mr. Peter Aitken, fresh from the L.G.O.C., to lend a hand. The local chemist's shop would naturally be in the capable hands of Lord Tiverton, whose practical knowledge of chartered accountancy might also prove useful. Any aviation would presumably be looked after by Lord Carlow. Mr. Charles Birkin would be the local publisher. Insurance would employ the talents of Lord Churston and Lord Blythswood. Lord Queensberry would, no doubt, be chairman of committee for the local Stock Exchange. If there was any money to bank, Lord Charles Cavendish would bank it with all the aplomb of the Devonshires. Lord Lurgan would be in charge of the principal hotel. Mr. Rex Hartley and his brother, Lister, would see that the local supplies of jam and marmalade were kept up, unless they turned golf professionals. If any of Lord Rayleigh's cows needed roping in, the new Lord Egmont would do his stuff, aided by the Duke of Norfolk, if it is true that he can really swing a lariat. The latter could also look into their pedigrees. Charabancs would be controlled by Sir Christopher Magnay, in the absence of Lord Ashfield. Sir Warden Chilcott's knowledge of hand-made shoes would prove useful for those who preferred to walk. The Duke of Manchester would look for gold. Lord Louis Mountbatten, in his capacity as signals and wireless expert in the Royal Navy, could send an S.O.S. to the rest of the world in case of real emergency. But I imagine that everyone would be so happy to escape from their income-tax that his services would never be called upon.

On the desert island, the local chemist's shop would naturally be in the hands of Lord Tiverton, whose practical knowledge of chartered accountancy might also prove to be very useful

At the Theatre

What a Way They Have in the Army!

"Orders are Orders" at the Shaftesbury Theatre

BASIL FOSTER keeps the Union Jack flying at the Shaftesbury, though deserting the battleship for the barracks. It is the Junior Service which Ian Hay and Anthony Armstrong have used in *Orders are Orders* for the background of their farce, which, however, they describe as a military diversion.

Humour in plenty can be found in methods military—sufficient, indeed, to provide a full evening's entertainment—but in *Orders are Orders* the Army has been reinforced by the film industry, and much of the funny satire in this play is directed at the American film-producer, his talented company and his satellites.

To get an American producer who is making a film of real old English country life into the Bilchester Barracks requires some ingenuity, and the authors have got over this difficulty by making Captain Harper (Basil Foster) fall in love with Fifi Delamere (Adele Dixon), an English film actress who is trying to struggle up the ladder of fame. As Adjutant of the regiment, and without first getting the consent of his Colonel (Clive Currie) or obtaining official sanction from Divisional Headquarters as represented by Major-General Sir Cuthbert Twistleton-Foxe, K.C.M.G. (Michael Shepley), Captain Harper allows the celluloid troupe to invade the sacred precincts of the barracks and when Ed. Waggermeyer (Reginald Purdell) gets his foot in anywhere he's not the sort of man to remove it, even when his corns are trodden on good and proper.

THIS occurs when the Colonel is away for the week-end, and it might be thought that directly he returned unexpectedly he would put an end to all this nonsense. He might have done but for the fact that also included among the film artistes is Wanda Palunka, and when I add that this part is played by Olive Blakeney, you will fully realise the reason why Mr. Ed. Waggermeyer and his menagerie are allowed to remain by the Colonel.

THE idea, to start with, was just a few "shots" at the Troops as a background, but Ed. enlarges the scope of operations, uses the regimental gymnasium for "close-ups," and even gets Wanda Palunka to persuade the Colonel himself to take part in a scene, where he represents the British Army at bay with a horde of savages smelling blood outside the stockade. Is it necessary to add that the gallant beleaguered are rescued—this being a Yankee film—by American Marines who have, I suppose, sought Central Africa for the purposes of getting a drink?

Adele Dixon

A new-comer to Basil Foster's company, who plays the part of Fifi Delamere in "Orders are Orders," by Ian Hay and Anthony Armstrong, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, reviewed on this page

THE Colonel, the Adjutant, and all the King's men are greatly perturbed by the unheralded arrival of Sir Cuthbert Twistleton-Foxe who, in his quiet way, asks for explanations. Why, for instance, does the gymnasium look like the property-room of a theatre? Why have Private Slee (Ernest Jay) and Private Coffin (Reginald Bach) discarded, for the nonce, the King's uniform and adopted the scanty apparel of Zulu chieftains? *What* is Ed. Waggermeyer and why does he claim relationship with Sir Cuthbert by calling him "brother"?

SUCH questions are indeed hard to answer, and both Colonel and Adjutant, under the fire of cross-examination, wilt more and more. Indeed, things might have gone hardly with them had not Sir Cuthbert discovered that the Adjutant's lady-love is the daughter of an old Naval friend. What the deuce does discipline matter in the face of friendship? Cuthbert answers "Nothing at all." It is naturally far more important that his old friend's daughter should preserve friendship with her producer's boss, so that she may get a chance of "starring," rather than bother about the morale of the British Army. So Cuthbert takes a tip from the Senior Service and turns a blind eye to these peculiar goings-on in barracks.

YOU can all realise what Clive Currie can do with the part of the Colonel. He's done this sort of thing before, and I hope to goodness he'll do it again. Olive Blakeney, too, has a part after her own heart—and ours—as the cinema star. Basil Foster has some good lines to say, but otherwise nobly sacrifices himself in a character which, in the old days, would be described as "light walking gentleman." A newcomer to the Shaftesbury nursery is Adele Dixon, who has not yet quite acquired the lightness of touch to match her vis-à-vis, while Reginald Purdell, as Waggermeyer, cleverly gives variety to a part written on one long, strident note.

BUT the two actors who have the best chances in the play are Ernest Jay and Reginald Bach, as Private Slee and Private Coffin, whose duty it is to attend to the wants, "spiritual" and otherwise, of the officer's mess. In their spare time they also attend to their own, and between them manage to extract not only dollars from Mr. Ed. Waggermeyer for services never rendered, but also to extract every ounce of humour from two most amusing characters, who are aided and abetted by Cyril Smith, as Captain (Q.M.R.) Ledger, confoundedly worried by the depredations of a rat called Ronald, who is heard much of throughout the play and D. J. Williams, a fearsome Regimental Sergeant-Major.

"ORDERS ARE ORDERS" has sufficient humour in it to attract the young of all ages, even in a heat wave.

Below: Wanda Paluka (Olive Blakeney) and Colonel Bellamy (Clive Currie) being barracked by Ed. Waggermayer (Reginald Purdell), the film producer, who is desirous of making a few shots

"Orders are Orders" at The Shaftesbury

Below: left: Fifi Delamere (Adele Dixon) and Captain Harper (Basil Foster) supply the usual harmless, necessary, but orderly, love mess

On the right are Private Slee (Ernest Jay) and Private Goffin (Reginald Bach), in another kind of mess, as orderlies of the comic kind

Cedric Belfrage *discusses*

Film Personalities and Problems

"Arms and the Man"

TALKIE producers have a great deal more worry than this world dreams of.

I have been more than usually touched by the poignant tale, transmitted to this bureau last week, of the Elstree producer who was trying to make a war film. The big scene was one in which several men were cut off in a shell-hole during a lull in the fighting. Only occasional far-off gunfire was supposed to break the stillness.

But it was one of those lovely English summer days when all nature rejoices—and the producer had to post five men round the set, shooting larks.

DON'T tell me you've heard the one about Mrs. Patrick Campbell being introduced to a dark, handsome young man at a Hollywood party.

"Young man," said Mrs. Pat, "you'd be a great success in the films."

"Do you know my name?" said the young man.

"No."

"My name is Joseph Schildkraut."

"Oh, that's all right," beamed Mrs. Pat, "you could change it."

AND then there was the time Charles Laughton signed his first contract to go to Hollywood.

"Why do you want me?" he asked the famous producer who signed him up. "I'm not handsome, and my sex-appeal is dubious."

The producer frowned and considered for a few seconds.

"Oh, well," he said, "you see, there's rather a vogue for acting nowadays."

IT'S all very confusing about Lina Basquette, the ex-Ziegfeld dancer, ex-Mrs. "Bros." Warner, ex-Mrs. Peverell (cinematographer) Marley, and film leading woman.

They found Lina groaning and vowing that she had attempted to poison herself. She told doctors at the hospital, where she was taken, that she had swallowed twenty-five poisonous tablets in a little water.

The doctors examined her and said that all she had taken was a little soup with a dash of milk. But there was no doubt that she felt very ill.

Later, Lina said that she didn't remember anything that had happened. "They tell me," she said, "that I wrote a note to Jack Dempsey. If so, I don't remember it. My mind has been a perfect blank since I fell off a horse four months ago."

There the matter rests at present, except that Lina says she is going to marry Teddy Hayes, Dempsey's former trainer, as soon as she gets well.

Above: Sergius and Luka, played by Maurice Colbourne and Angela Baddeley, quarrel most fiercely in "Arms and the Man," the first of Bernard Shaw's plays to be put on the screen

Top left: Frederick Lloyd, very cheerful, as Petkoff, the Bulgarian major, whose part he takes in the film version of "Arms and the Man," which is being made at Elstree by B.I.P.

Left: the lead in "Arms and the Man" is played by Barry Jones, who is a new convert to the cinema world, and who delighted so many theatre-goers in the part of the King in "The Queen's Husband" at the Ambassadors

Below: Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert in "The Man from Yesterday," put on at the Plaza last week, a war and post-war film in which Clive Brook plays the part of the man who came back and found he was not wanted

Owen Nares, as a rich financier, and Winifred Shotter as Antoinette, temporarily, and to pay off a debt, the chauffeur of the financier, in "The Love Contract," the light but amusing comedy which came to the Capitol last week

REMEMBER the first night of *City Lights*, when, amidst the hysterical tumult, Charlie Chaplin got up and said, in a voice slightly choked with emotion: "Some day, perhaps, I shall put it all in a book"?

"Perhaps" is the operative word. The fact is, of course, that Charlie had already started on the book, which is to be a mixture of biography and philosophy.

Mother and Daughter

Viola Lyel, as herself, and her mother, in "Let Me Explain, Dear," Gene Gerrard's B.I.P. film. Looking at the daughter, we congratulate the make-up man on turning Viola Lyel into the fierce woman in the picture frame

More than half the book, I now learn from Hollywood sleuths, has now been completed. It contains, I hear, pithy anecdotes about (among others) Einstein, Lady Astor, Lloyd George, Aristide Briand, Bernard Shaw, and the Prince of Wales.

But, so far, Marlene Dietrich is the only film star even mentioned in it.

SOME interesting skirmishes are being fought just now at the United Artists' studio in Hollywood, where Al Jolson is making his return to the screen in *The New Yorker*, and Eddie Cantor is doing his comic toreador act for *The Kid from Spain*, another of those glamorous Sam Goldwyn spectacles with cascades of luscious blondes and brunettes.

The Jolson epic went into production one sunny morning at ten o'clock, and by noon the director, Harry d'Arrast, declared himself "through." He and Al just couldn't see things the same way, it seems. So that's just one more delay before we, the public, hear Al shout Mammy songs at us again from the screen.

Then, a few days later, director Al Rogell stepped out of the Cantor film. "To make it the way Mr. Goldwyn wants it," he declared, "would be impossible." So Sam is looking for another director, too.

Sam, like sailors, doesn't care. He says he has collected for *The Kid from Spain* a galaxy of feminine something or other calculated to knock our eyes out. And what is one director, more or less, huh?

INCIDENTALLY, Eddie Cantor is looking all over the place for a bull for *The Kid from Spain*. No ordinary bull can fill the bill. Eddie wants one that isn't too much of a he-bull—a slightly effeminate one would do. When he finds it, he says: "If the bull treats me right, I'll treat him right."

Anyone who knows of such a bull should let Eddie know at the United Artists' studios, Hollywood.

You can quite understand his anxiety about getting just the right bull. After all, he has to play opposite him in several scenes, and he has his reputation, not to mention his health, to think about.

"YES AND NO" DEPT.
By "Two and Four"

FILMS TO SEE:

Jack's the Boy—Take the family and have some clean laughs at Hulbert and Courtneidge.

One Hour With You—Good, soigne musical entertainment in the usual Chevalier vein.

The Mouthpiece—Racy 'inside stuff' on American justice, with a great performance by Aline McMahon.

Thark—Walls and Lynn doing their stuff as expertly as ever and hitting up a high laugh score

FILMS TO AVOID:

Lucky Girl

While Paris Sleeps

Out and About

Edmund Harrington

Lady Susan Egerton

Lady Susan Egerton, who is nineteen this year, is the fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. Bridgewater House, her London home, is one of the few big "family" houses left now, and when Lady Ellesmere gives a party there, it is on the grand scale. Lady Susan's sister, Lady Anne, married Captain Geoffrey Babington last year

Bertram Park

Miss Evelyn Grant

Miss Evelyn Grant is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Arthur Grant, and Lady Grant. After the season, she, and her sister, Elspeth, went north to their Aberdeenshire home, House of Monymusk. Their brother, the present Sir Arthur Grant, is in the Grenadier Guards, and comes of age this year; he succeeded to the title in 1931

Claude Harris

Miss Ursula and Miss Penelope Packe

Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe's two daughters, who are nineteen and twenty-two respectively, were at most of the parties of the late season, though their home is in Lincolnshire. Their father was a nephew of the late Earl of Kimberley, and Lady Packe is the elder of Lord Colebrooke's daughter

If Gossip We Must

Funking the Irish Sweepstake—G. B. S's Love for Russia—Pheasants in August!

One of the few, the very few, things for which we may have reason to be grateful to Mr. De Valera is his attitude towards Irish Sweepstakes—towards, that is to say, the money that rolls into Ireland to purchase the tickets. About £2,000,000 of money subscribed in the past, and due to Irish hospitals, has not, as yet, reached them. For its non-arrival Mr. De Valera is responsible. He has already more than winked at the deduction of 25 per cent. for State purposes, which was not part of the original scheme at all, and not even mentioned until *after* the tickets had been sold. There is a general feeling of insecurity and some doubt as to whether, in future, the prize money will be paid over intact, or, even at all, to the holders of winning numbers.

Not unnaturally, therefore, the amount subscribed as yet for the next big sporting event is less than a quarter of that anticipated. If, for this reason, we are allowed to set about running monster sweepstakes in England, where we know there will be no undue deductions and tamperings, Mr. De Valera will have done this country, which he hates so passionately, quite a good turn. He has, undoubtedly, done his own country a bad one.

For the essence of a successful lottery—and these Irish sweeps are virtually State lotteries—is absolute confidence. Mr. De Valera has upset that confidence, and a once-flourishing "industry" is at the moment in none too satisfactory a condition. And that is not the only way in which this fanatic is destroying the trust without which prosperity cannot come to any country. His deliberate economic war on England, and his refusal to submit to arbitration or any sort of reasonable argument have caused incalculable harm.

The existence of the Free State Army and Republican Army, side by side, armed to the teeth and spoiling for a fight, is not exactly an inducement for the outside world to look on Ireland from the point of view of a business proposition. Serious distress must inevitably result; indeed, it is already beginning.

For this, Mr. De Valera, and the even wilder men who are giving him a shove from behind (and are likely to give him something sharper than a shove, if he is not obedient) are responsible. I have just heard the three stages of the history of Ireland summed up very succinctly as follows:—

(i) The Pagan Era.
(ii) The Christian Era.
(iii) The Devil-era.

Pollard Crowther

Elsa Macfarlane looks a proper poke-bonnet Miss as Millicent Blazes in "The Pride of the Regiment," the musical burlesque which has caught on at the St. Martin's

In Praise of Coffee

M. G. Bandinière, the French publisher (left), M. Maurice Dékobra, whose novels are almost as well known over here as in France, and a friend listen to the eulogies of the coffee-man at the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes, who knows how customers like it

Eric Gray

The Windmill Theatre started non-stop variety, and they still know a good thing when they see one, for they have picked Myra Morton as No. 2 of their new troupe of Revudebelles

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 3. THE POLO PLAYER

THEM Yo-Yos on strings may be quite pleasant things
For the blokes what are expert at whirling 'em,
But they don't go down strong with the classy bong tong
Who you finds at Roehampton and Hurlingham.
So with all due respect to Lord Beaverbrook, I
Haven't yet learned to use one and don't mean to try. But—

I want to play 'ockey on 'orseback
With a 'uge wooden 'ammer and all,
But I 'm so bloomin' stony I can't buy a pony—
Why, I couldn't pay cash for the ball!
Yet I yearn to play 'ockey on 'orseback
And shoot lots of goals in the net,
Whilst Bend Or bawls "Blimey! 'E's laid 'em a stymie!"
But I ain't got the cash, not as yet.

In the North, Knurr and Spell may be liked very well,
Whilst them Spaniards who live 'cross the Channel are
Pretty hot in their way at bull-fightin' to-day,
But such things would get raspberries at Ranelagh,
So I shan't waste my time—let alone £ s. d.
On takin' up games what aren't no use to me. But—

I want to play 'ockey on 'orseback
In bicycling knickers of white,
And be called "bloomin' pukka" when scorin' a chukka
(And I 'ope that expression 's perlite).
Yes, I sigh to play 'ockey on 'orseback
And be every Dukess'es pet,
Whilst the bookies shout hearty, "Six to four on young Artie!"
But I ain't got the cash, not as yet.

B. W.

THE other day, Mr. Bernard Shaw came back from a very short trip to Russia with the news that it was a fair and pleasant land, full of happy and well-fed Bolshevists who are revelling in a positive Utopian existence. When an Englishman, who had spent some years in Russia, instead of Mr. Shaw's few days, suggested that there was another side of the picture, Mr. Shaw turned and trounced him to the extent of a column or so, pointing out that nowhere in Russia did he see such emaciated men, women, and children as one sees in working-class districts in this country.

It is a little unfortunate for that argument that Miss Jennie Lee, who is as Red as Red can be, has been staying much longer in Russia than Mr. Shaw, and could certainly not be accused of anti-Bolshevist bias, to say the least of it, should have concluded an article in the *Star* with the remark, "Many workers from countries such as Britain and America, in spite of all they know of poverty, unemployment, and slums in their own countries, would be appalled at the primitive conditions in which the mass of Russians live." What answer has Mr. Shaw to that? I will tell you. It is an answer of deeds, not words. For Mr. Shaw, although he declares England to be a backward, stupid, and poverty-stricken spot, elects to live here. In Russia, which he tells

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse are evidently enjoying the South of France. He has taken a villa near Grasse, as a relaxation from scenario-writing in Hollywood, and he and his wife have given some amusing parties there

Mistinguette and Her Water-Bicycle

Mlle. Mistinguette is on holiday at Nice, and here she is taking an aquatic constitutional, with Mr. Earl Leslie (right) and M. Saint Granier, the well-known French stage and screen star, in attendance. It will be observed that the famous legs are being given full play

us is so wonderful, so well-fed, and so intelligent, he does *not* live; nor does he show signs of returning to visit that Blessed Land. Malvern seems to have a few points up on Moscow, after all.

Miss Lee, by the way, rather lets the cat out of the bag in another sense when, in writing of some unpronounceable Russian health resort, says its inhabitants "are citizens of the new Soviet Republic and are as proudly and as arrogantly so as any other ruling caste in the world." So much for the Universal Brotherhood and All-comrades-are-equal pretensions of the new creed which is to set us all to rights.

A few years ago I remember seeing in a tailor's window, somewhere in the first half of August, a stuffed fox, a roll of Harris tweed, an old Lee-Metford rifle, and some sprigs of heather. This was intended, I imagine, to celebrate the coming of St. Grouse. My enjoyment of the Twelfth in a certain restaurant of a Grouse à la Frigidaire at fifteen shillings, with flesh of the flavour and texture of decayed beams, was not this year enhanced by the inspection of such joys, though a stuffed pheasant has made a premature appearance in the window of a sporting tailor in the Haymarket. But it is better that a pheasant should appear before its time in a sporting tailor's than in a sporting calendar. There is an admirable series known as the Worthington Sporting Calendar, and in a grouse-shooting scene contained therein appears a pheasant. The editorial staff of the Calendar have done the best and the only thing possible. They have admitted their mistake and owned up to a crime which, in this country, is probably regarded as second only to vulpicide.

I would have been inclined, with natural elusiveness, to explain that the pheasant was not there to be shot, nor would any of the sportsmen depicted have thought of shooting, but it was there to ask the grouse what it feels like to be killed for the adornment of dinner, and to gather advice as to how to behave on the First of October. But no. Worthington and Co. offer "their thanks and apologies and give their assurance that such a mistake will not occur again." I trust they will include among their forthcoming sporting illustrations sea-gull shooting on the Bass Rock, and keep both pheasants and grouse out of the picture

Mannell

Marie Ney

Left: A new portrait of Marie Ney, who, as Freda Caplan, is sharing in Mr. Priestley's triumph with "Dangerous Corner," which has passed its 100th performance at the Lyric, and is still belying its first notices by being one of the most popular shows playing in London

By Ridgewell

Adoring Mistress: "Oh, Fluffykins! Why must you always let your heart control your head?"

Ow!

Justice done to a sadistic gentleman (Russell Thorndike), "The Seeker After Sensation," who took his mistress (Lydia Sherwood) to a Paris thieves' kitchen in order to scare her, as exemplified in the Grand Guignol at the Duke of York's

The Strenuous Life

How the Modern Chorus Girl is Kept Busily Occupied

Below: On the roof, taking exercise in the fresh air to keep the limbs supple before the long show starts

One of the chorus numbers in the "Non-Stop Revels Glorifying Variety," which is given at the Leicester Square Theatre from early afternoon till dewy eve

Even the modern chorus girl must have a few moments' rest on occasions, and here are several of them enjoying the sunshine on the theatre roof

Again on the roof: Doubtless quite an easy exercise but you have got to know how to do it

Non-Stop Variety means non-stop work. Chorus and principals are perpetually on the stage, and in the short intervals between public appearances, practice is the order of the day. These photographs of the chorus at the Leicester Square Theatre were taken on and off the stage. "Off" being the roof of the theatre, which is the scene of much morning activity

In a Class by Itself

Auntie Aggie Goes Gay!

Action and Reaction

The Swift Poetry of Motion and Tranquil Silence of Repose

Charlot and Berinoff

John Everard

A beautiful study of Charlot, who, with her partner, Berinoff, is dancing this week at the Savoy. The top photograph, which most admirers of these two dancers will probably find more typical, was taken when they were working at the Gainsborough Studios. They have done a good deal of film work in America, and deputised in "Out of the Bottle" at the Hippodrome when, on the first night, they secured a great reception

The Twelfth—A Mixed Bag

Yorkshire. A group on Pott Moor, Swinton, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's shoot, which includes Lady Cunliffe-Lister and her two sons, Sir Bolton and Lady Eyres-Monsell, Major and Mrs. G. Tryon, Captain and Mrs. T. Wickham-Boynton, and Mr. E. Haigh

Yorkshire. The Duke of Devonshire, on a white p Abbey moors; the party includes his sons, the M Cavendish, Lord Richard Cavendish, his brother,

Dumfriesshire. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester on the Upperwood moor, when he was staying with Captain E. W. Brook at Kinmount House

Forfarshire. Above: Lord Kinnaird, M.P., waiting in his butt when he was shooting with Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P., at Kinpurnie Castle

Perthshire. Major Harcourt-Webb's party at Lochin Lodge, near Amulr the white pony, and Mr. R. E. Lamb, walking behind; Mrs. Harcourt-

Rights and Lefts from the Butts

hite pony, leads his guns to the butts on Bolton , the Marquess of Hartington and Lord Charles other, and the Earl of Burlington, his grandson

Ayrshire. Above: Some of Lady Bowden's party at Kilburn Castle on their way to lunch; Major Henderson, Captain R. Fiennes, Lord Inverclyde, Mr. Grant Maclean, and the Hon. Sir Eustace Fiennes

Amulree, included Lord Dorchester, General Sir Webb Gillman, on court-Webb, who is also mounted, went out with the guns all day

Forfarshire. Another of Sir Charles Cayzer's guns at Kinpurnie Castle was Captain Archibald Maule Ramsay, M.P., whose home is at Kellie Castle, Arbroath

Perthshire. Sir August Cayzer had a good opening day on his shoot at Gartmore; his fifteen-year-old daughter, Miss Heather Cayzer, was out with the guns, and is walking between drives with Allan Cameron of Locheil, Locheil's second son

"SHE HAS THOSE VAMPING EYES"

One of Hollywood's much-photographed blondes (and we don't wonder) is Miriam Hopkins, the Paramount star, whose most recent appearances in London were in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Dancers in the Dark." Both these pictures are due for general release in the autumn.

Lets go Greyhound racing

Smart London has given this exciting Sport a permanent place in its Social Calendar.

First-class Sport
Cheerful Atmosphere
Comfortable Club
The Finest Track
The Best People
Smooth Organisation
The Fastest Greyhounds

RACING AT ITS VERY BEST

at the

WHITE CITY

Write for particulars of Club Membership (entitling you to use the Club Enclosure, Restaurant and Ballroom) to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City.

WORRY NOT Funny "DUCK"

COME AND HAVE A

"BLACK & WHITE"

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

National Championships

WHEN a golfer talks about a National Championship, whether professional or amateur, he is nearly always referring either to the British or the American. But I think it is of interest to remember that there are very many other championships which are national in every sense of the word, and the names on the list of winners in nearly all these championships include players whose reputation is world-wide.

I HAVE been asked to discuss these championships in this weekly article, and I propose this week to deal with them, but in a manner which I am afraid will leave much that ought to be spoken of unsaid, for the space which I have at my disposal is not sufficient to do justice to the subject. I will take, therefore, only the more important of the National Championships, and mention a few of the names of those who have made history, not only in the country concerned, but in other countries also.

TAKE our own Dominions first. I wonder how many people know that the Hon. Michael Scott has won the Australian Amateur Championship no less than four times, and that these four successes were achieved between 1905 and 1910. Another winner of the Australian Amateur Championship well known in this country is Len Nettlefold, probably the finest left-handed golfer playing golf, and certainly the finest that I have ever seen. Nettlefold created a very favourable impression over here in 1927, and did well in our own Amateur Championship. The Canadian Amateur Championship has, curiously enough, never been won by a well-known Englishman, but the Open Championship of the Dominion has been won by such famous names as Douglas Edgar, Leo Diegel, Macdonald Smith, and T. D. Armour. J. H. Kirkwood has won both the Australian and the New Zealand Open Championships, and we all know of his very creditable performances in this country as well as in America.

TURNING now to the foreign championships, which are national, every bit as much as our own, we find J. Jurado figuring as the winner of the Argentine Open Championship very frequently since 1920, which was the first year in which he won it. In relation to this Championship, it is interesting to note that Mungo Park won the event the first time it was ever held. The Belgian Amateur Championship has fallen once to J. S. F. Morrison, and, since then, to Lionel Munn, and the Open Championship to George Duncan, Aubrey Boomer, Walter Hagen, and, in 1929, to S. F. Brews, who, I think, I am right in saying, was at that time Open Champion of South Africa. Michael Scott, who is a much-travelled golfer, figures twice as winner of the French Amateur Championship. Other great names on this list are Chick Evans, Francis Ouimet, T. D. Armour, before he became a professional, T. A. Bourn and Jack Westland, so recently chosen to represent the United States in the forthcoming Walker Cup Match. The French Open Championship is especially interesting to Englishmen, in so far as Cyril Tolley has probably put up his two finest performances in this event. He won it in 1924 at La Boulie, with the very good score of 290 for the four rounds, but in 1928 he won it again on the same course with the remarkably good score of 283, defeating, on this occasion, nearly all the well-known British and American professionals, the Americans, happening to be over here at the time, having just competed in the British Open. Other well-known names to win in this event are J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Duncan, Walter Hagen, Boomer, and Arnaud Massy.

THE German Open Championship, an event which was first held in 1911, when it was won by Harry Vardon, was played for also only in the following year and won by J. H. Taylor after a tie with Edward Ray. The Competition was started again in 1926, and has been frequently won by Percy Alliss ever since, in spite of the fact that many first-class professionals have attempted to take this title from him. The German Amateur Championship was only held once before the war, and was not started again until 1927, when T. A. Torrance defeated W. A. Murray at the 37th hole in the Final.

Above: G. P. Bird and J. A. Board, and, left, H. E. Le Bas and G. D. Roberts, competitors in the Lord Warden Challenge Cup Meeting at Rye. J. A. Board was seventh with 155, and G. D. Roberts fifth with two strokes less

THE Dutch Championship is one that is extremely popular with Englishmen, particularly military Englishmen, and the Open has been won by Boomer and E. R. Whitcombe. The Amateur has just been played for, and this year has been won by Douglas Grant.

EVER since the war there has been an Amateur Championship of Hungary, but, curiously enough, the only foreign name to appear on the list of winners is that of G. Brown.

THE name of the Scott family is prominent in the list of winners of the Italian Amateur Championship, but in this case Michael does not appear. His brother, Denys, however, has won the Championship on two occasions, and his elder brother, Osmund, was runner-up to Denys in 1906, and won the event outright in 1911.

The Open Championship of Italy has been divided between French professionals and Percy Alliss for some little time.

THERE are amateur and open championships of very many other countries, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland, to mention but three, and although, of course, to win these championships is not to earn the credit which goes with a victory in either the British or American events, yet they take some winning; and as time goes on it will be increasingly clear that they must be included when the word "Championship" is used.

IT is all to the good that the game of golf should prosper in this way and spread its tentacles of fascination to countries other than our own. Heaven knows that the world at the moment is only too divided, and that any influence which will bring together representatives of various countries, foreign to each other, in a spirit of friendliness is one which should be encouraged in every possible way. The more countries that take up golf, the more scope there will be for matches between the countries concerned, and these allow men to realise the folly of imagining that foreigners, just because they are foreigners, are worth nothing at all. After these matches, a man begins to feel that after all they are not so bad, and then, in the return match, that good impression is confirmed.

Books of the Day

A German "Super-Man": By "Junius"

Now that the eyes of Europe are fixed upon Germany, the appearance of *Hitler* (Routledge; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Emil Lengyel, is most opportune, since it gives the history and aims of a man who, although of supreme importance in Germany, is little known outside his own country.

Mr. Lengyel tells us that Hitler has been a rebel since boyhood, but, instead of taking up Communism or Socialism, he turned to anti-Marxism and anti-Semitism, taking the principle of Nordic superiority as a basis for these two views. Hitler was a lance-corporal in the Bavarian Army. He was wounded, and returned to Munich at a time of great revolutionary activity. He created his own party—six members only in the beginning—and, by amazing organisation, is now the most powerful man in Germany.

The book shows how Hitler built up his party machine by "coupling his innate audacity with the use of high-pressure advertising methods and an uncanny knowledge of mass psychology. Working on this foundation, this genius of fanaticism has magnetised his countrymen with the promise of a new renaissance, and imbued them with his own belief in the supernatural origin of his mission and the supremacy of the German race."

The making of history lies in this man's hands, but Mr. Lengyel's conclusion is that Hitler "has no real greatness," adding, "Constructive thought can be translated into every language without losing its potency and power. Hitler's speeches, which make his political friends wild with exultation, are barren of charm and eloquence when translated into any other tongue."

Further, Mr. Lengyel prophesies that, if ever Hitler comes to power, "he will be disappointed. . . . He is excellent on the platform. But let sanity return, and let Germany see that the end of the world has not yet come, and Hitler will be a national god on half-pension."

A remarkable book about a remarkable man, who is "a combination of mediæval Italian condottieri and of twentieth-century super-salesman."

Two of the many fascinating photographs which illustrate F. S. Smythe's "Kamet Conquered"; above, the Bhyundar Valley, which he calls the Valley of Flowers, and (right) crossing the Dhaoli river, "an unfordable, raging torrent," by an improvised rope bridge

We are told that, since 1924, there was no British expedition to attempt the climbing of one of the great mountains in the Himalayas, and that thirty of those are 25,000 feet and over. Not one of these had been scaled, despite many attempts. In 1930 and 1931, Mr. F. E. Smythe, who had been a British member of the International Expedition led by Dr. Dyhrenfurth, organised an all-British expedition with the object of climbing Kamet, a peak of 25,447 feet in the Central Himalayas, and exploration at the source of the Ganges.

That expedition was brilliantly successful, and Mr. Smythe has given a fascinating account of it in *Kamet Conquered* (Gollancz; 16*s.*), a book which will appeal not only to those who are mountaineers, but everybody who responds to adventure in unknown places never before traversed by man. The illustrations are excellently reproduced, and give a clear idea of the wild and desolate country through which at times the expedition had to travel. "There were no green valleys; all about us were peaks of black rock and glaring ice and snow, frozen outposts of the infinite."

Mr. Frank Swinnerton has a distinction particularly his own among contemporary novelists. He does not throw his characters into his pages with labels attached. All his people grow gradually, as it were, under the reader's eyes, just as in real life one gradually gets to know a circle of acquaintances, with some of the acquaintances growing into friendship. And his people, too, are always vivid and living, even his minor characters.

His latest book, *The Georgian House* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is his best. It revolves round a Georgian house in the little country town of Sandersfold, a house which influences strangely the lives of some of the characters. Besides the adroitness and reality of characterisation, and his skill in showing contrasting personalities, Mr. Swinnerton has given us an intriguing plot, in which a will plays the prominent part. Yes, certainly, Mr. Swinnerton's best novel so far.

I have been delighted by *The Life of a Nobody* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Winifred Graham. It is always pleasant to read of romance coming into the everyday lives of ordinary people. And Miss Graham has told her story of Geoffrey Grimble, the "skinny, hollow-cheeked" chemist in a Thameside village, extremely well. She makes the apparently impossible, not only feasible, but interesting, and, certainly, a lovable character of the plain little chemist who becomes the friend of a Duchess's granddaughter, and the owner of a fat-reducing "Shadow Water," which brings him a fortune. Grimble, naturally, falls in love with Lady Janice; equally naturally, a hopeless passion of which she knows nothing.

But Grimble's love for the charming Lady Janice actually brings her love-affair with Angus to disaster. Grimble sends Lady Janice a secret gift of a black opal necklace. Angus will neither deny nor admit that he is the giver. Once upon a time, the opals belonged to a famous singer, Mélodie, with whom he has an affaire. Mélodie wants the necklace back, and one of the best scenes in the book is that in which the singer and Lady Janice discover the deception Angus has practised upon them both. Miss Graham has made her "nobody," very much of a somebody.

Although at times you may be repelled by the central character, David Skerrett, in *Skerrett* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Liam O'Flaherty, at others the strange force of the man's personality attracts and holds you. Skerrett is a schoolmaster in a little island off the Galway coast. He comes into conflict with the local priest; his wife takes to drink; the end of the struggle is the asylum; the grimmest of tragedies.

But Mr. O'Flaherty has drawn a picture of life on the little island, with its hatreds and bitternesses, and contending factions, not easily to be forgotten, and Skerrett is a big creation.

Mrs. Horsman knows her India well, and in *Justine Gay* (Werner Laurie; 7*s.* 6*d.*) has made effective use of it. You mayn't be particularly attracted to the heroine in the earlier chapters, when she sets out for India with a slender capital which gives her the chances of only one season. But, as the story progresses, you become keenly interested in her fortunes. Anglo-Indians will admire Mrs. Horsman's descriptions of India and Indian life.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Man Ray

MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES, justly famed as one of the smartest women in Europe, lives in Paris and only rarely visits our shores. She was née Countess Decazes, and was previously married to Prince Jean de Broglie. Here she gives us a lesson in how to wear the bêret, and her schiaparelli dress is of black and white tweed, diagonally striped, and allied to a pla n black skirt. A scarf of double foxes, joined together by the noses, is a smart accessory

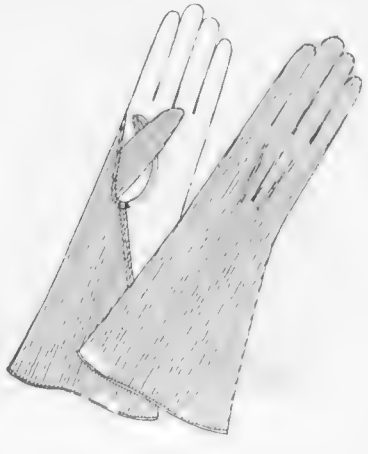
Late Summer Accessories

THE shoe with a high vamp, finished with either a bow or a buckle, will be much worn this autumn. This model is lightly brogued, and can be had in blue and white only. 52/6 from Hanan

THE new system of point winding makes a permanent wave from Emile not only extremely lasting, but permits the easy manipulation of such curly coiffures as those sketched above. The hair is wound from the ends instead of from the roots, any tendency of the curls to droop is entirely eliminated and the process is quicker than the old-fashioned method

FOR really hard wear and for golf, Hanan make this reliable shoe of dark brown and beige leather, brogued in an unusual manner and with corrugated rubber soles. The price is 2 guineas

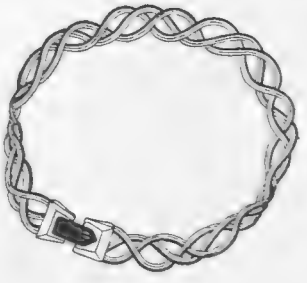
THE Dolcis Shoe Company make a speciality of attractive dance shoes for a remarkably low price. This sandal shoe of crêpe-de-Chine, which may be obtained in a number of different colours, costs 12/9



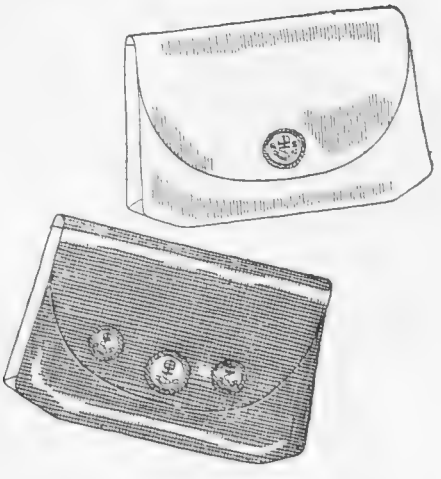
GLOVES made of natural linen, with a suède palm, are a novelty procurable from Fortnum and Mason for 12/6 a pair

Curls, Wayward and Otherwise, Where to Procure Them and How to Retain Them . . . .

THE Maison Georges, in Buckingham Palace Road, is famous for its excellent hair-work. Their transformations are not only impossible to detect, but they are so light that, far from being harmful, as so many people think they are, they are actually beneficial, for they permit the real hair to take a well-earned rest from constant dressing and iron waving



A smart sports accessory is a belt made of twisted strands of cane dyed scarlet, bright blue and white. It is fastened with an unusual two-colour buckle and costs 18/6. The bracelet to match costs 6/6. Fortnum and Mason



POCHETTES made of the same material as your costume are fastened with either naval or military buttons. With three buttons, they cost 42/6, and with one, 38/6. They come from Fortnum and Mason

THESE hand-stitched kid gloves can be dyed to match your tweed costume. They come from Fortnum and Mason and cost 14/9

Shaw Wildman

Two Early Autumn Suits

ABOVE, Miss Hilary Charles is seen in a costume made of a rough surfaced brown woollen material with a scarf and revers of brown and white striped jersey. The hat is made of the same material as the suit. This is a Matita model from the costume department of Marshall and Snelgrove

ON the right, Miss Grether Hanson, who is playing in the "Rome Express," the Gainsborough Studios' latest picture, is seen in a smart suit which has a plain, flared skirt and a very short, high-breasted coat with broad revers made of a matching check material. This can be had in blue, green, and several other shades. From H. J. Nicoll

Maurice Beck

Buying a Car

Some Further Points to Look For

By The Earl of Cardigan

A good point of the small sports car. Being low to the ground, as in the case of this Aston-Martin, running-boards are superfluous, and getting in and out is delightfully easy

I SUPPOSE that, in choosing a car, almost everybody is influenced first of all by its actual or expected performance on the road. Certainly it is on performance that most of one's pleasure in a motor-car depends. There are, however, several other factors which deserve to be carefully considered, and among these the question of comfort is, above all things, perhaps, the most important.

IT is, perhaps, debatable whether comfort, in motor-cars, should be regarded as a means to an end, or as an end in itself. Many people, no doubt, welcome comfortable seating for its own sake. To me, however, the great value of comfort lies in the fact that it is an aid to efficiency. The prime duty of a mechanical vehicle is to be efficient, and, in my view, it cannot truly be said to be efficient unless it permits the operator to control it under the easiest and most advantageous conditions.

ANY form of motoring discomfort is, I am sure, a drain on the driver's efficiency. In the case of an experienced driver, the effect produced may not be very great; it is naturally most obvious in the case of the novice. This is why one of the first essentials in teaching anyone to drive is to see that he or she is seated comfortably at the wheel. No good results are possible with the pupil in a cramped position, or with the controls inconveniently placed.

THE reaction of the experienced man to these conditions is not so much bad driving—although probably even he will not be at his best—but rather a sensation of fatigue. That tired feeling at the end of a long run may be due to a variety of causes, as, for instance, the error of trying to "push" a slow car above its natural pace, but more often than not a badly designed driving position is to blame.

VERY few motorists, curiously enough, take any real trouble to investigate the question of comfort when they are buying a car. They sit in it, pat the upholstery, and bounce gently up and down on the seat cushions. This, of course, tells them nothing at all. Soft cushions provide merely an illusion of comfort, and this illusion vanishes with great rapidity after one has sat softly in a thoroughly constrained and awkward attitude for anything over ten minutes.

REAL comfort in seating can be obtained very simply, and by making use of an obvious formula. It is merely required to reduce to the minimum the pressure per square inch upon the person of the sitter. This is done by permitting him to dispose his weight over as large an area as possible. For example, if one sits on a narrow bench, one's weight is disposed over a small area and one is uncomfortable. If one sits in an armchair, on the other hand, one's weight is distributed over a large area—practically from shoulder to knee—and one is comfortable.

To build a comfortable driving-seat is, of course, rather more difficult than to build an armchair. The seat has to be more accurately adjusted to the driver, since the driver, for various reasons, is unable to adjust himself to the seat. At least one foot and one hand must be in fixed positions, on the accelerator and on the steering-wheel. Thus the chassis designer pre-determines the driver's attitude, and it is the business of the coachbuilder to see that the seating conforms to it.

The neat and intelligent lay-out of its controls maintains the Rolls-Royce its reputation for doing things well

Below: A useful type of window. Being hinged in this way, it allows air to enter, but discourages draughts

Above: Wide doors and genuinely luxurious seating are found in this Rolls-Royce saloon with Park Ward coachwork

THE moral of all this is: When you test the coachwork of a new car, do not ask yourself "Am I comfortable now?" Sit with one hand on the wheel, the other on or near the gear-lever, and one foot on the accelerator; and then ask "Am I comfortably supported? Could I sit in this position for a couple of hours without getting backache, or cramp in my leg, or suffering from any other sort of discomfort?" Beware of buying a car in which a favourable answer cannot truthfully be given.

Notice also whether, when the right heel is resting on the floor, the angle of the right foot is roughly in agreement with that of the accelerator-pedal. On a long run, this is important. See that the gear-lever is within reach. It is tiring, in hilly country or in traffic, to have to keep leaning forward to reach it. Do not worry too much if one or both of the front wings is invisible. Many quite good cars possess this obvious fault. It is a nuisance at first, but, later, since one soon learns by constant practice to judge the exact width of one's own car, it ceases to cause serious annoyance.

FOR the family man, another very important point is to form an accurate estimate of the amount of space available. Let him never be misled by the description of a car as a "four-seater," or even by its outward appearance of being one, into assuming that it provides reasonable seating accommodation for four people. This is very rarely the case.

THE average small four-seater, of the sporting type, seats two. Occasionally it will seat three, if the back-seat passenger sits sideways, but more often the lowness of the hood or roof, combined with the absence of any reasonable leg-room, makes it a two-seater only.

LET him also beware of placing too much reliance on the capacity of luggage trunks. These look very well, and often contain a fair amount of space, but my own experience is that one's favourite suit-case is usually just too big for them, or else just fails to pass the entrance. Luggage grids are better in this respect for the various types of baggage a family will produce, but have the disadvantage of requiring the vigorous and intelligent use of rope or straps.

PROBABLY the most useful type of coachwork for touring purposes is the two-three seater, with a luggage boot. I once had a car of this type, and its carrying capacity was enormous. Where four passengers are to be carried, however, I recommend a saloon with a front seat wide enough for three. If half of the back seat and corresponding floor space can be reserved for luggage, very big loads can be stowed with the minimum of trouble.

A. J. Peach and S. W. Thompson, waiting at the first tee. The former, with rounds of 78 and 73, was second

J. C. M. Lowe and G. E. V. Crutchley. The former seems happy, although he was not in the first ten

R. D. Howard with A. J. Evans, who was third with 153. The latter won the Cup in 1930 and 1931

Lord Warden Cup at Rye

Personalities Pictured on the Links

J. H. Skelton and J. E. L. Bates, two of the competitors who battled valiantly but without much success

The Winner

J. B. Beck driving from the 9th tee. He won the cup with ease by 9 strokes, with two fine rounds, each totalling 71

C. D. Gray, who was fourth, and R. H. de Montmorency at the 9th tee. The weather enjoyed for this competition was ideal

Letters of a Lady Golfer: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,—

WHATEVER else these pages may eventually become, evidently you and I are intended to be the recipient of conundrums. Will you feel equal to tackling the queries that defeat me? Rules, of course, can be looked up in one of those nice little slim red volumes that insurance companies and what-not give you free, or in those nasty big fat ones that every conscientious golfing journalist keeps in her reference library and eyes with such disfavour when it comes to packing up. Dare she leave home, even for a few days without them, or will her old friends, Miss A. and Mrs. B. inevitably break a succession of rules, each more complicated than the last, and expect her to supply the answer when asked "What does A. do now?"

Even etiquette in the stricter sense of the word may be found at the end of the Rules, and if everybody would but study them the path of the golfer, the journalist, and possibly even the law, might be easier. But there are some problems which answer to no cut-and-dried treatment of that kind, and one such has just been propounded to me. "Should a short handicap play in the meetings of her own home club where most of the members are longer handicaps than she, or not? If she plays she is accused of pot-hunting, and told she might give beginners a chance; she can win when she likes elsewhere; if she does not play she is told she is too grand to live, gives herself airs, 'suppose we aren't good enough to mark your card' sort of thing. I only want," my querist adds despondently, "to do what is sporting, but as a matter of fact I don't go to many open meetings, and I do enjoy playing with my friends in our own club things."

Enjoying the sea-air, sunshine and golf at North Berwick; Miss Patricia Little, daughter of the late General Malcolm Little, and Miss Miranda Lampson, who is Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Lampson's younger daughter

OF course, my first idea is to say "snap your fingers at all the pussies and do what you want to do," but on second thoughts it would be better, maybe, if the snapping of fingers followed some sort of attempt to explain matters to the pussies. Unfortunately the explaining part of the business seems to have fallen to my lot.

First of all, I am going to ask the pussies what they think prizes are given for—firstly, scratch, and secondly, handicap. If they say "to encourage everybody," they stand convicted out of their own mouths. Prizes ought to encourage—if you like the word better than reward—the people who play the best golf.

"Oh, yes," says Pussy; "but it's a foregone conclusion Miss A. wins the scratch prize, she can't help herself." Possibly, I reply in my thoughts if not in actual words, but wait till you are a low handicap and then see how extraordinarily easy you will find it is *not* to win the prizes you ought. And if the acknowledged best stands down, where is the honour and glory for anybody else in winning, and what does the club say to having its scratch trophy decorated with insignificant names and huge scores, instead of famous names and worthy scores? There are, of course, times when the one low handicap of a club feels positively shy of competing for a prize she knows she must win—but that is her affair; the pussies' business is to realise that it is, after all, not so very easy to hand in scores in the seventies, and that if she does that, she is surely entitled to all she can win.

BY the way, a bright idea has just struck me. Why do not small clubs, jealous of their funds, advertise that a scratch prize will be given "if a gross score under 80 is returned"—or whatever other total is within, say, four strokes of the par? Then only somebody who has really earned it would take a scratch prize. I wonder if there is some cogent reason against this plan? At agricultural meetings and dog shows and what-not (I had nearly said rabbit shows but, of course, that is an unfortunate word to use in connection with golfers), one sees prizes offered conditional on the quantity of entries; why shouldn't it be on the quality of the return at golf. I offer the idea, free, gratis and for nothing, to those who grudge giving their best player a handsome present twice a year irrespective of whether it is earned or not.

As for handicap prizes going to short handicaps, here I have absolutely no

(*Continued on page* 384)

Miss Wanda Morgan creating a small sandstorm in a bunker while playing in the medal round of the Ladies Open Meeting of the Herne Bay Golf Club; she won the Scratch prize with a score of 72.

"Bystander" Club Competition

For the greatest number of cards, relative to its membership, returned by one club for THE BYSTANDER *spoons, each month. A Challenge Cup and memento are also given for the greatest number of cards, relative to membership, during the year, and the three leading clubs are presented with prizes to be subsequently competed for by their own members. Full particulars on application. One coupon entitles a player to send any number of cards during the current month.*

In addition to the above, from August to December, 1932, the three leading clubs each month will each receive three gold *Eve* brooches, to mark the change-over from *Britannia and Eve* to THE BYSTANDER

Clubs may use these brooches as they like, but it is suggested that they might go to the three members who have returned the greatest number of cards for the winning total.

Links with Character:

Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

No. 4. Stoke Poges

By
Gerard Fairlie

Pictured by
H. H. Harris

Even the lions in the forecourt are particular about sartorial effects

I HAVE approached Stoke Poges on very many occasions, and on each and every one I have come to a moment of silence. For Stoke Poges is tremendously impressive as you catch sight of the Club House: it looks rather like a great white palace transported bodily from some World Fair and Exhibition; the sort of thing which might have housed the Palace of Linen at Wembley. Some have been known to say that it looks like a great white elephant; but while that may have been true to Wilberforce Bryant, Esquire, who acquired it in 1887, it certainly has not been true either to N. Lane Jackson, who conceived the idea of turning it into a golf club in 1908, or to A. N. Mobbs, who took over just twenty years later.

As a golf club, therefore, Stoke Poges is comparatively young. But as a great white palace it goes back to the reign of the second George, when in about 1760 it was erected by the Hon. Thomas Penn, who rejoiced in being Lord Proprietory of Pennsylvania. Here again, however, comparative youth is to the fore, since the real history of the place is centred in the Manor House, and the first occupier of Stoke Park was no less a person than Siret, a vassal of King Harold. Thence, from 1066 onwards through the centuries there is a list of owners, and notable among the family names are De Molines (1331—1428), Hungerford and Huntingdon, a Lord High Chancellor in the person of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., a Chief Justice of England in Sir Edward Coke (1600), who perpetuated his memory by having a statue erected in the Park, and—presumably to relieve the legal atmosphere—Gayer and Halsey. Sir Edward Coke's statue still stands in the Park as an ever-present unnatural hazard, but it is surprising how few players take it out of him with direct hits.

I HAVE said that there is always a moment of silence when approaching Stoke Poges. This is not merely a silent memorial to Amicia de Stoke and Robert de Pogeis (1300), nor a somewhat natural loss of breath at the sudden vision of dazzling white, nor again the very necessary care to be exercised by the driver of your car over the narrow little bridge if he is not abruptly to lose his back-seat passengers: it is a combination of all three. Whether you like historical associations or loathe them, whether that white edifice is to you inspiring or monstrous, whether, metaphorically, you leave your breakfast on some other plane or are duly warned to clutch, you cannot but feel the influence. Good or bad, Stoke Poges has character; beautiful or awe-inspiring, Stoke Poges has personality.

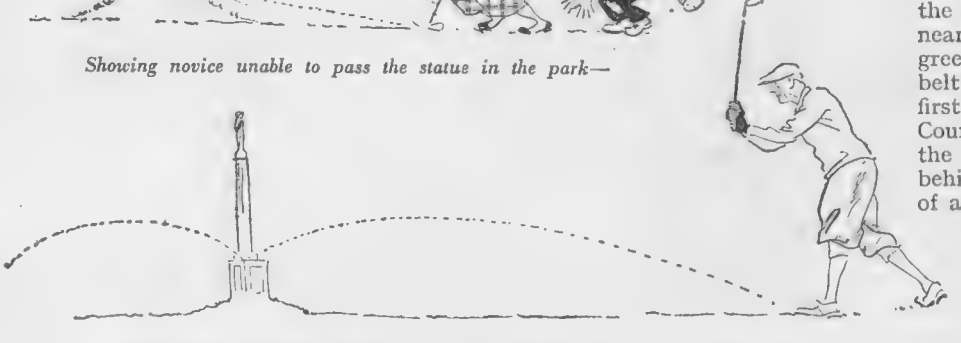
If one gets to the club early enough, one may see a few players in evening dress—this is nothing to be alarmed at—only the waiters having a friendly knock before breakfast

NEXT WEEK:

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris make friends with

Sunningdale

Showing novice unable to pass the statue in the park—



—but here we have a well seasoned golfer getting extra mashie shot with a well-placed but cunning ricochet

Up the little hill, round the bend, and you find yourself by the steps leading to the front door. Just to your right may be seen the first tee of the Old Course, and, nearer yet, the ninth green. Hidden by a belt of trees is the first tee to the New Course, and away in the middle distance, behind a great bush of a grand old tree, stands a Chief Justice of England. Very proud indeed on his immense stone column. Ready to resist the attacks of

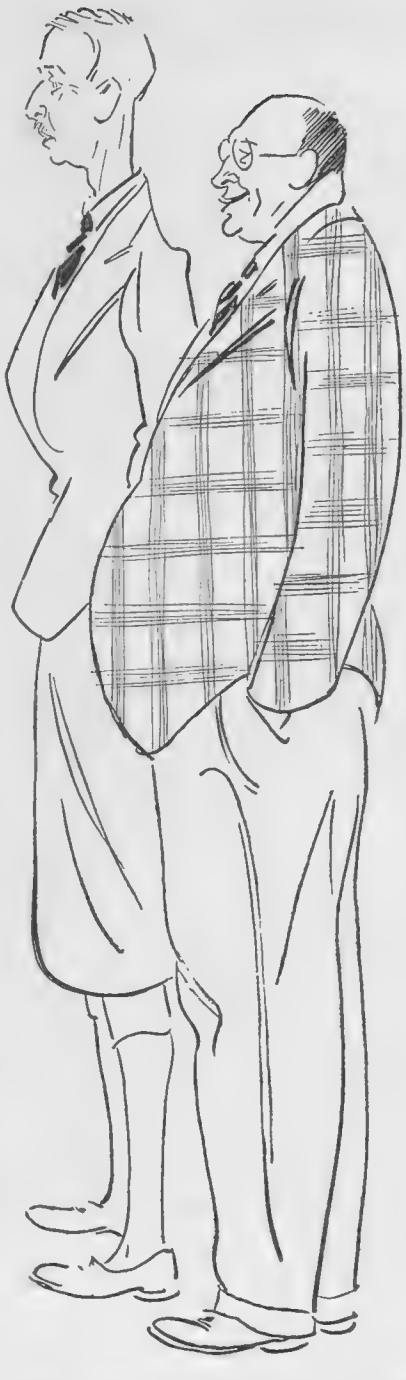
sun and rain and rubber. All very inspiring; slightly disturbing. There are the visible signs of a golf course: those tees, those greens, the gaily clad throngs of men and women parading for a game. But the club-house has yet to acknowledge the fact that you exist: it is cold, clean, a little frightening, all of which befits its virgin colour.

But now I will let you into a secret: hark to my words. Landseer's famous picture, "The Monarch of the Glen," with its great old stag and its glorious Highland scenery, would appear to be redolent of the romantic country well north of the Tweed; but in point of fact this beautiful work was painted at Stoke Poges. All Landseer's pictures of deer, both red and fallow, were painted in Stoke Park.

The Monarch of the Glen was a great old chap, but a bit of a fraud. He needed knowing, and when you knew him he became less of a monarch and more of a dear. It is just the same with Stoke Poges: all this awe-inspiration stuff is gone as you enter the great club-house, as you see the smiling faces to receive you, as you notice all the modern conveniences. Far less of the cold virgin, in fact.

In spite of the outward appearance of pomp and ceremony, in spite of the enormous staircase from the central hall, in spite of the magnificence of the rooms, Stoke Poges can very definitely be written down as one of the friendly clubs. This, in a large measure, is due to those responsible for the conduct of the club, but it is also due to the general nature of its members. It is one of those places where the stranger, instead of being made to feel a stranger and constantly reminded of the fact, is encouraged to forget it. Societies are allowed to use the club for matches which they may have arranged, are treated with courtesy, and are given the feeling that, although not at their own club, they are at a home from home. The food is good and the service excellent. C. K. Cotton is a hard man to beat either as secretary or on his golf course.

If you pass right through the club-house, with a suitable pause at the bar, you come directly to the last seven holes of the Old Course. But on your way you must pass what must be the most ambitious of any putting course owned by a golf club. It is laid out with what can only be described as devilish ingenuity; but the member who gets over-heated by his experiences has the lake by his side into which he may plunge to cool his fevered and tortured brain. It is occupied by fish, but they will not mind the intrusion to their solitude since they already have as companions surely an immense number of unretrieved golf balls. It is possible to reach this lake with a nice slice from the eleventh tee; with a similar shot for a second at the same hole, or a downright shank according to taste; with anything in the nature of a top from the tee to the short tenth or sixteenth holes.



Mine host, A. N. Mobbs, and C. K. Cotton (Sec.). They are both very tall—

Alan Cave and Stuart Bradshaw

And although boating may be indulged in, the resurrection of the ball thus mishandled is unlikely.

For years Stoke Poges has been the home of the annual team encounter between the ladies and the men, and in this fact lies some hint of the character of the place. It is good golf—a links must be to hold so important an event. It is pretty, a little arch and mischievous at times, a trifle made up from the natural, and very attractive: that is the feminine side, begotten from the ladies. But from the men it takes its occasional severity, and it is always perfectly groomed: the greens are a sheer joy for the dainty shoe to tread on. And it is so essentially, masculinely fair!

In a village church nearby, Gray wrote his *Elegy*. In the undulating countryside, bedecked with ancient trees and shrubs, Landseer thought himself in Scotland and painted his white lie. In the distance, but well within view, stands Windsor Castle, a great turretted mass of stone paying our loyal tribute to our Royal Family. Roman urns, dating from well before the Birth of Christ, have been discovered in the park. Stoke Poges has every right to be austere, conceited.

—but not so tall as the fish in the Smoke Room, which sometimes measures a putter and a niblick long

But when you go there, whether by train to Slough and thence by 'bus, whether by Rolls or Morris Minor, you will find the same reception. And if there is austerity—or a vague hint of conceit—well, it will be you who have provided it.

Europe uses British Engines: By Captain C. E. Ward

The Airspeed "Ferry," which has carried more than 40,000 passengers in four months, during the "National Aviation Day" tour. Designed especially for air line work over short distances and for passenger flights at aerodromes, it was a success from the first test. Sir Alan Cobham is using two "Ferrys" for the duration of his campaign

"Breda" machines flying in inverted formation over the Tiber at Littorio Airport, Rome. One of the "Breda" low wing monoplanes, with a Gipsy engine, is being flown by Miss Winifred Spooner in the International Touring Competition this week

The International Air Tour

ONLY one British machine, nominated through the German Aero Club and flown by a Japanese pilot, has been entered for the International Touring Competition, which is taking place this week. We have, however, rather a special interest in the race because the majority of the engines are British, and one of the machines, an Italian "Breda," is being flown by Miss Winifred Spooner. Her machine is a development of a very successful type, and Miss Spooner's skill as a cross-country pilot should ensure a good position in the race proper. There are numerous tests other than a flight of 4,600 miles from Berlin, touching places like Warsaw, Prague, Rome, Cannes, Paris, Hamburg, and Copenhagen. Mr. John Carberry is flying a Klemm monoplane with a Gipsy engine; and of six entries from Poland, three have Gipsy engines and three the Genet Major, made by Armstrong-Siddeleys. The Pobjoy, which is made at Hooton Park, Cheshire, and fitted to the standard model Comper-Swift and the Monospar, is being used in six German light 'planes. The success of the Gipsy engine ever since it was produced has been phenomenal. It almost swept the board during the race for the King's Cup this year, and was used by Mr. J. A. Mollison for his flight to Cape Town in under five days; by Mr. C. W. A. Scott from England to Australia in 8 days 20 hrs.; and by the winner of the Viceroy's Cup in India. The Monospar is in production, and satisfactory trials took place at Croydon Airport last week.

Being in Two Places at Once

THIS being an impossibility in the literal sense, I am using the expression to emphasise the undoubted advantages of aircraft to bridge distance in the shortest possible time. There must be very few instances of people working in two countries every day, unless they happen to live close to a frontier. M. Georges Seversky, known to readers of THE BYSTANDER as a singer and cabaret artist, is also a pilot, and during the last month he fulfilled engagements at the Casino, Deauville, during the afternoon, and on the "Show Boat," moored on the Thames, in the evening, just by hiring a Moth and flying over the 230-odd miles in between. His plan worked well, in spite of a certain amount of bad weather, which goes to prove that business men can use aeroplanes with confidence and the reasonable certainty of completing their journeys on time. There is an advantage in making for an airport like Croydon at night, of course, because it is fully provided with lighting equipment for a safe landing under any conditions. M. Seversky was in the Russian Imperial Air Force during the war, but gave up flying as a pilot in 1922 until 1930, when he took a refresher course at Hanworth.

Road-Air Developments

HILLMAN Airways of Romford, to which I referred recently as one of the pioneers in this country of the short-distance air line or ferry service, are operating air-taxis at threepence per mile per passenger. The machines are Puss and Fox Moths, and the rates lower than anything which has been thought possible hitherto. The Company is running its aircraft on the same system as its fleet of motor-coaches, all overhauls and repairs being carried out at night. The service to Clacton from Romford has been well patronised, and Hillman air-taxis are becoming a familiar sight at all busy airports. The air connection between London and the Isle of Wight, which is being run by Solent Coaches of Portsmouth three times a day, is quite a success. Through bookings via the steamer-ferry have been supplemented with similar facilities by the air ferry from Portsmouth Airport, the Westland Wessex machines in use making the crossing to Ryde in seven minutes. The fares from London are 12s. single and 26s. for a period return ticket. Passenger traffic by road coaches reaches its peak this month, but there is sufficient to keep vehicles employed during the winter on a basis which makes a motor-coach service a paying proposition. This happy state of affairs has not yet been reached in air transport, except on the cross-Channel services of Imperial Airways and on trans-Continental routes where delays, due to fog, the only real obstacle to regularity, can be made up as a general rule by intensive flying on the following day.

The Airspeed "Ferry"

THIS machine, so aptly named, was designed for cheap travel at medium speed and also for passenger flights at aerodromes. Two of them have been used by Sir Alan Cobham for his National Aviation Day campaign with excellent results. The first one flew nearly 300 hours in three months, carrying 36,000 passengers, and made, approximately, 3,600 landings. This is equivalent in landings to the normal life of a machine in service for five years, and is therefore a considerable tribute to the robust construction of the "Ferry" and the ease with which it can be landed and taken off. Carrying ten passengers, the machine cruises at 85 to 90 miles an hour, and takes off, with no wind, in 150 yards.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ONE of the questions which a newcomer to any of the Greyhound Racing Association tracks is very apt to ask is how much it costs to keep a racing greyhound in training. This is a perfectly natural question, since the first impulse of those who like the sport is to have some personal interest in it, and those who cannot afford to run a race-horse, but who have often felt a sneaking feeling that they would like to do so, will find in greyhounds the means of satisfying this craving.

It may be of interest to my readers, therefore, to have some idea of how much it would cost them, apart from the initial purchase price, to own a greyhound, racing either at the White City or at Harringay. This greyhound would be trained by one of the trainers at Northaw, and recently new regulations have come into force governing the conditions of this training. They are similar to those which have been in force at the Greyhound Racing Association's provincial tracks. One of the most important of these alterations concerns the veterinary side of the kennels. The new kennel charge is now at the rate of one guinea per week per greyhound, which is an increase of one shilling over the old rate. But when it is considered what this extra shilling covers, I think every owner will be satisfied that he is getting a very good shillingsworth. It covers all veterinary services, including necessary medicines; and if an operation is required, that also. In the case of greyhounds suffering from accidents or known infectious ailments which may require prolonged treatment, they are charged for at the rate of 12s. 6d. per week, and this fee also applies to greyhounds not actually in training, but resting at Northaw.

ONE of the outstanding features of the Northaw kennels is the isolation section, and under the new rules every new greyhound placed with the Greyhound Racing Association for the White City or Harringay is first housed in isolation for a period determined by the veterinary surgeon; until he passes the dog fit to run with other greyhounds. This arrangement ensures the utmost possible precaution for all dogs against imported infection, and should make a very strong appeal to all owners.

Miss Angela Cameron with Larry's Luck. Her father is Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Cameron, D.S.O., M.C., the racing director of the G.R.A.

The other side of the picture I can best describe by giving to my readers statistics for the first half of this year to show which dogs have won most prize money. Wild Woolley, winner of the Derby, heads the list by a wide margin. In his races at the White City only he has won in these six months the magnificent total of £1209. In addition to this, of course, Wild Woolley won the Northern Flat Championship at Belle Vue, but I do not know what this was worth.

Again taking into account prize-money won only at the White City, Disorder takes second place, having won £214 in the first part of the half year, with Dresden third with £161. Altogether ten White City dogs have won more than £100 each so far this year, and, as most of them have run on other tracks, their earnings must be greater.

The Pup from Battersea: By Lady Kitty Ritson

NOT long ago—this week to be exact—a woman brought over a little dog to ask my advice on the subject of what she called "taming" him. He was a cross between a Pom and a Peke, and had inherited the independent spirit of both of them. Heaven knows where he had been reared or bred, but she had found him, half starving, in a garage where she had bought him for five shillings.

I gave her what help I could, and if the little animal turns out as well as a dog I rescued many years ago, he will be a treasure. In these days of dogs being cast out to starve when licences are due, people will often pick up a pet for a small sum at the home for lost dogs. To begin with, they like its appealing ways, and they want a dog, without being able to pay a large sum for it, but very often the dog does not turn out quite as well as they expected, and they are disappointed and disillusioned.

Now there is no use in expecting that an animal that has more than likely been dragged up in some slum, and then been obliged to fend for itself when thrown on the streets, is going to have the manners of a pampered pup. It would not have survived if it had. On the other hand, it has learnt self-reliance, and it is also probably very hardy and healthy, or it would not have survived. It is no use giving it the run of the house, taking it out without a lead, offering it a lot of rich food and all the many other foolish things that people do, and then being surprised when it (a) runs away, (b) is not clean in the house, and (c) suffers from indigestion.

When you acquire a pet of this description, first of all give it a bath in some form of disinfectant, either Kurmange or Sopex is excellent stuff. Follow the directions carefully that are on the package. Then feed it—but sparingly. A little cooked meat and some dry hound meal is all that it will require, and one meal a day all that it will need.

A Handsome Pair

Bluette of Misbourne and Vanity of Misbourne, two fine Cocker spaniels who have distinguished themselves on the bench, and who have now started their working season on the moors

For the first night or two, until you discover whether it is house-trained or not, give it a bed, in a scullery or outhouse, and take it for walks on the lead. Remember, above all things, that it has been a little vagabond, with most people's hand against it, and that you must not "tame" it, but "humanise" it by every means in your power. Talk a great deal to it, for the human voice has an extraordinary effect upon animals, and make it realise that you are its friend. You will be obliged, to begin with, to treat it much as you would a wild cub, but in time you will win its love and trust, and then you will have a more devoted friend than any pedigree pup is ever likely to be.

There is something very appealing about the task of implanting in the mind of an animal that has lost trust in mankind, the realisation that it has, at last, found a friend. So bring common sense to the task, and you will be well rewarded.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Supplication !

P. G. H. Fender adopts a beseeching attitude at the Oval when S. H. Colah hit a ball too high to reach

IT is sad that we have not done better in the Olympic Games, but it is sadder still to have to listen to so much wailing about raw deals and unfair starts. There was a time when it was a national boast that we took our reverses quietly, and refrained from giving tongue to complaints, however unjustly we had been treated. "Take it like a Briton," our pastors and masters used to say, and "don't argue with the referee or umpire." Our pastors and masters were apt to be a little heavy, but it wouldn't be a bad thing if we remembered some of their platitudes and followed their advice. We needn't repeat them. That would be going too far ; besides, we can rely on those of our contemporaries, who are now pastors and masters themselves, to pass them on to the younger generation.

In fairness, it should be said that there was, from all accounts, plenty of opportunity for legitimate complaint at Los Angeles ; but that doesn't excuse us. We still think of sportsmanship as a pre-eminently British virtue, and this sort of thing merely gives other nationalities another reason for calling us hypocrites.

Incidentally, I think it 's just as well for world peace that the Games aren't held every year. I know that, in theory, they spread the fellowship of man and all that sort of thing, but theories have a habit of breaking down in practice. There probably isn't much international love and good will left among the disqualified Brazilian water-polo team, for instance.

THE season of Highland Games is upon us. Brawny Highlanders are tossing cabers and hurling large stones about for the delectation of Sassenach visitors. I don't know how the times in the running events at Aboyne, Braemar or Oban—to name a few of the best-known—compare with those at Los Angeles, but what the Highland Games lack in record-breaking they make up for in picturesqueness.

The tartans make a coloured background, and all through the meeting the skirl of the pipes is heard. No one who has not seen the sword dance and the fling performed by Highlandmen can realise how graceful and light on his feet a big man can be. I say Highland men with intention, because, unfortunately, the Games are marred by the bevies of dancing girls, glittering with prize medals, who sometimes make the uninitiated visitor exclaim "How Sweet !" They make the real lover of Highland history grit his teeth. They are agile enough, and they sure do know their steps —as an American spectator once remarked to me—but they are utterly incongruous. The kilt is a man's dress, not a girl's, and the sword dance is a war dance. I don't like to think what an old-time clansman would have done to a woman who appeared in the kilt. It would be something pretty drastic, for the Celt can sometimes show a cruelty which matches his pride.

The Braemar Gathering takes place next month, and I recommend anyone who happens to be in the neighbourhood to go to it. In many ways it is the most picturesque of all the Gatherings, for the King is usually present with several members of his family, and the Balmoral, Mar and Farquharson clansmen make a brave show as they march on to the ground, and again as they wind slowly up the hill and through the

Left : Leyland and Verity congratulating each other on being selected for the Test team, a subject for congratulation all round

silver birch woods after the Games are over. If you get the chance, try to toss a caber yourself. It takes strength to lift what is, in effect, a solid tree with the roots and branches cut off, but it takes skill and balance, as well as strength, to toss the great trunk so that it pitches on just the right spot to describe a complete somersault.

IT is unusual—to come back to the South—for any band of selectors to find their choice generally approved by the amateur team-pickers, but the choosers of the English cricket side for Australia are in that happy position. I don't suppose they mind much, for one of the essential attributes of a good selection committee member is an entire indifference to public opinion.

However, it is nice for the critic to be able to be enthusiastic for once in a way, and I for one believe that this team is almost the strongest that could have been chosen. The inclusion of Maurice Tate in the Test eleven was perhaps the most popular of the later selections. If ever a man played himself into a side, he did.

In Pursuit of the Walker Cup

Lister Hartley and T. A. Torrance, the English captain, leaving Euston before embarking for America on the White Star liner, Britannic. Mrs. Hartley is seen between the two famous golfers, of whom great things are hoped

I WAS playing golf recently on a popular seaside course, and my partner was a lady with a handicap of five L.G.U. That, as every golfer knows, means a good deal. I was, therefore, amazed to hear that she was only allowed to play at that time because I was with her. I am a somewhat mediocre performer, whom she can beat four times out of six, playing level. But I happen to be a man. If she had tried to play with, say, Miss Enid Wilson, she would have been shoo'd off the course and asked not to come back till the afternoon. There is a local rule, which is as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no woman may play in the morning unless she is accompanied by a man.

Mrs. J. B. Pittman defeating Miss Mary Gibbs, of Baltimore, in the Eastern Grass Courts Championships at Rye, U.S.A.

Hole after hole stretched in front of us, liberally dotted with elderly males enjoying their rights. We had a tedious wait on nearly every tee, and on most occasions my companion's drive landed not far short of the spot where the gentlemen in front of us had made laborious preparations to play their thirds. Through the green they took the longest possible time to play the shortest possible shot, and on the green they had a lengthy palaver before every putt.

ONE doesn't need to be an ardent feminist to see the absurdity of this kind of thing In my experience, a woman takes, on an average, rather less time over her shots than does a longish handicapped male, and, if she's any good, she takes a great deal less. The modern girl, with a low handicap, can outdrive most long-handicapped men, and she is crisp and time-saving in all her movements. It seems to me that in golf, of all games, where women have improved so enormously in the last twenty years, die-hard rules like this should quickly be made as obsolete as they are out-dated. I would suggest that women with L.G.U. handicaps of 10 and under should be ranked as men on courses where this rule is imposed to avoid congestion. It 's so hard for them to find a man who can give them a good enough game and their presence among them would speed up rather than hinder the play.

Above: Sutcliffe is seen batting against Leicestershire, with Leyland backing up. It is thought more than probable that they will be England's opening pair in the M.C.C. Test matches against Australia

Soccer in Summer

The absurdly early start of football was emphasised by the opening of the practice season taking place in weather which was almost tropical. Mason, of Fulham, seen here, was lucky, for he is only the goalkeeper, who is expected to keep cool

"Firebird" Cocktails on a Fiery Day

With the thermometer at 90 degrees, Mr. Jeffrey Dell, the translator and adaptor of "Firebird," in which Gladys Cooper will shortly appear at the Playhouse, gave a cocktail party. Two of the guests seen above are Francis Lederer and Jeanne de Casalis, both looking delightfully cool

Above: John Van Druten, author of "Behold We Live" at the St. James's Theatre, talking to Auriol Lee, the producer of the play

Left: Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, whose husband is presenting "Behold We Live"

The "Duchess" Returns

Yvonne Arnaud, with her husband, Hugh McLellan, who is shortly presenting her in a new play entitled, "Love Me Always"

The Giver of the Party

Mr. Jeffrey Dell, the host, in conversation with Gertrude Lawrence, who, playing opposite to Sir Gerald du Maurier, as Sarah Cazenove, is now the leading lady at the St. James's Theatre in "Behold We Live"

Photographs by Sasha

AUGUST, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

22nd **Golf.** Boys' Championship begins, Royal Lytham & St. Annes.
Yachting. Torbay Royal Regatta, Torquay.

23rd **Racing.** York.
Athletics. Highland Games, Fort William, Scotland.
Yachting. Torbay Royal Regatta, Torquay.

24th **Racing.** York, Mallon, Devon and Exeter Steeplechases.
Shows. Royal Jersey Agricultural Society, Jersey.
Flower Show. Southport.
Motor Cycle Speedway. England v. Australia, Southampton.
Swimming. Swimming Gala, Dundee.

25th **Racing.** York, Mallon, Devon & Exeter Steeplechases.
Shows. Royal Jersey Agricultural Society, Jersey. Agricultural and Industrial Show, Limerick, Ireland.
Cricket. Kent v. All India, Canterbury.
Carnival. Newport, Isle of Wight.

26th **Racing.** Gatwick.
Athletics. Highland Games, Dunoon.
Shows. Flower Show, Southport.
Cricket. Sussex v. Essex, Eastbourne.

27th **Racing.** Gatwick, Hamilton Park, Phœnix Park.
Motor Boating. Regatta, Lytham, St. Annes.
Cricket. Essex v. Kent, Leyton. Middlesex v. Surrey, Lord's.
Motor Cycling. Brooklands Meeting, Brooklands.

29th **Racing.** Lewes.
Water Polo. England v. Holland, Weston-super-Mare.
Gala. Carnival Week, Southend-on-Sea.

30th **Racing.** Derby and Lewes Meetings.
Cycling. World's Championships begin, Rome.
Yachting. West of England Regatta, Plymouth.
Cricket. Wales v. All India, Colwyn Bay.

31st **Racing.** Derby, Brighton and Limerick. Plymouth Steeplechases.
Yachting. West of England Regatta, Plymouth.
Cricket. Yorkshire v. M.C.C., Scarborough.
Motor Cycling. Yorkshire Grass Track Championship, Harrogate.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Roast Partridge: First Get It: By Max Baker

WITHIN a week the legal opportunity will have arrived to shoot some partridges in the good, old-fashioned way. Nearly all the modern writers tell us it is impossible because the stubbles are shaved so close. Partridges may not lie as they did, but to argue there is no covert is to talk nonsense, especially in a year when so much corn has been beaten flat. A 400-pound pig could give you the shock of your life by lying snug in a furrow and charging from close quarters in approved jungle fashion.

PARTRIDGES do lie, especially on warm, sunny days, and although they are not the birds they will be in a month's time, they offer a style of sport at which the artist in driven birds is rather a muff. They get up with a "whirr" that suggests an awful hurry; the shooter responds in like manner and is humiliated to see them skim the fence unscathed. The accomplished partridge walker knows there is no hurry; he, in fact, dawdles while they get into their stride, locates the parent birds and brings off a nice right-and-left at a distance where shot-spread is just right. Ever present in his mind is to make such a choice that his companion gun or guns may have the birds curving their way. He reloads quickly, knowing that odd ones may get up at any moment to join their fellows.

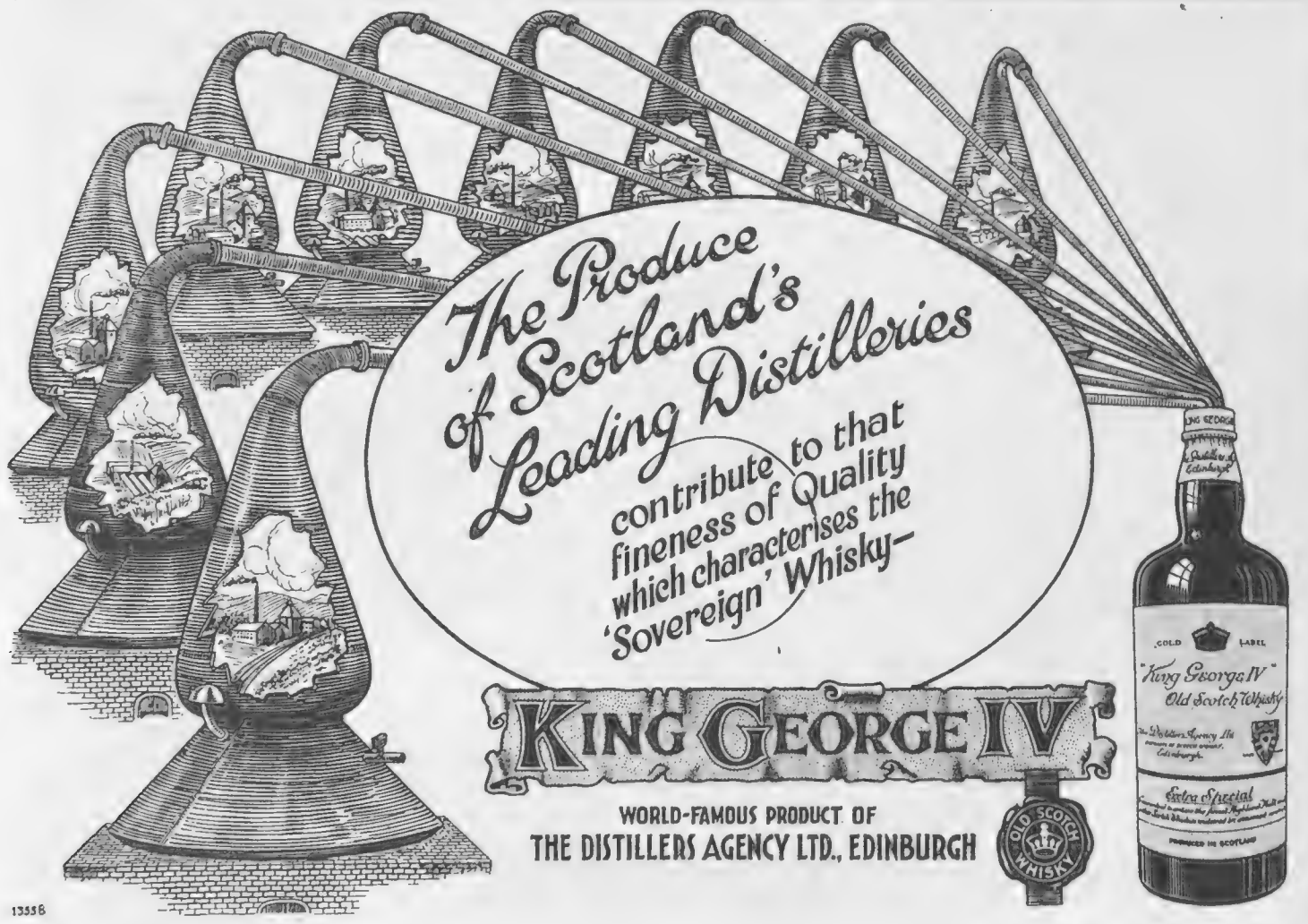
The reason why driving shots so seldom shine at this kind of thing is that they will mount the gun with the violently quick motion that is needed for an approaching bird, the momentum taking the aim nicely in front. This sharpness of action is wrong in the case of a bird that rises but ten feet in the air and then gets into a horizontal *away* flight. The gun is over-lifted, has to be pulled down again, and a fresh aim taken. Deliberation, almost amounting to slowness, permits the gentle lift that merges into side-swing in sympathy with the swerve of the mark.

America in Scotland

Mr. J. P. Grace, Jun., and Miss Nora Grace, whose father, Mr. J. P. Grace, the American banker, has taken Lord Lyell's shoot at Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, for the season

IN favour of early September partridge shooting, especially in a year when harvest is well forward, is that the old birds are easily distinguishable and can be thinned down to advantage. There is no objection to old partridges as such, but their absence assists driving operations later and, more important still, they are rather selfish in demanding pretty well a whole field to themselves for nesting operations.

Selfishness can be indulged in rather a pleasant manner when pursuing the September partridge. If space is limited and stock not abundant, a single friend and oneself can walk in unison like silent automatons, guided by signal only, in the process performing some brainy evolutions and gathering to themselves benefits that would not go very far if shared with a larger company. Hospitality is a great institution, but in the matter of shooting there is something to be said for eating your own asparagus, or, if the crop is over-plentiful, sharing it with paying guests. In the long run, all are better served.



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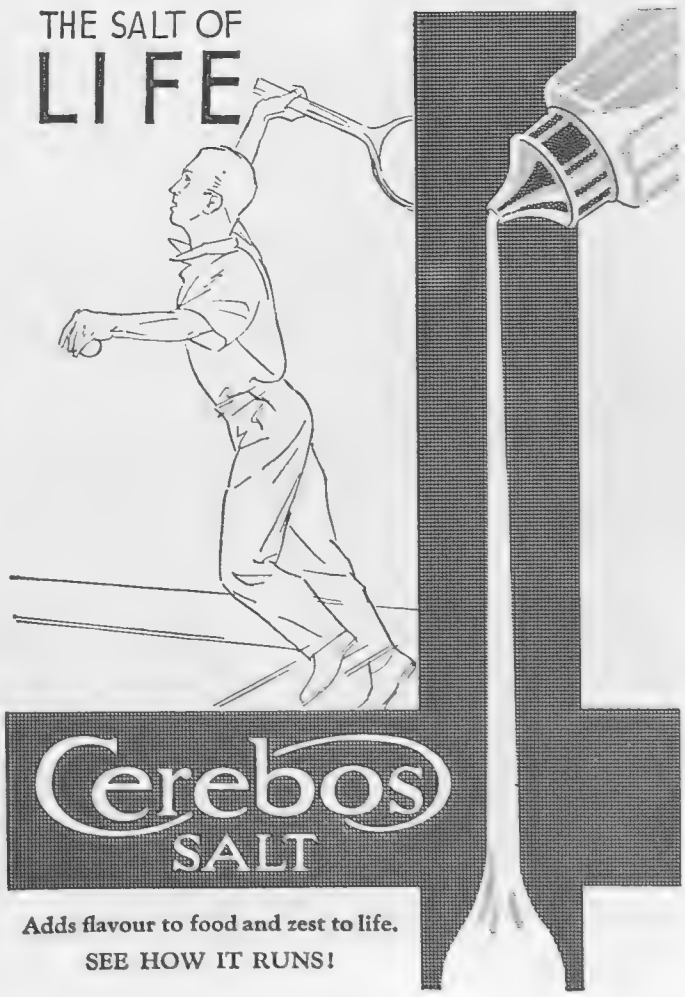

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SEE HOW IT RUNS!

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

(ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th. No Qualifiying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August numbers.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London. W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by THE BYSTANDER, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court,

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE, Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately—accomodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above addresss

ENTRANCE FORM No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth.....*Club, if any*.....

Telephone No.....

Letters of a Lady Golfer *(Continued from page 373)*

pity for the pussies. If one body with a 4, 3, 2, or 1 handicap can get the better of so very many other bodies with 15, 16, 17, or 18 handicap—let alone all the bronze division when the sheep are not divided from the goats for prize purposes, then the low handicap deserves all she can get, and more.

JUST think of it; there she is, alone in her glory, with her scanty store of strokes; arrayed against her is rank upon rank of players with whole batteries of strokes; if one fails, there is another to step into the breach against her. Besides, what is handicapping meant to do? To help people to win, or to stop them winning? If the pussies consider that the one low handicap is sure to win, what on earth is the good of their own handicaps which they have worked so hard to gain, and why on earth do they struggle so hard to reduce that allowance? By fearing Miss A. they acknowledge that their handicap is insufficient, and yet their one aim—apart from winning prizes—is to make it more insufficient still. Hardly consistent, is it? And what is to raise the standard of play in the club if the one decent player stands out?

THIS letter seems to have resolved itself into advice to pussies, and my poor low-handicap querist is still unanswered. Perhaps all one can say to her is that pussies will be pussies to the end of the chapter, over something or other, and the snapping finger is, perhaps, after all the best mental attitude. Do you think, BYSTANDER, that a class of snapping drill would be popular, in some of the denser centres of golfing population? Or would the pupils fear the resultant wrath of the pussies? It is so difficult to be thick-skinned, and even a nice warm fur coat is not impenetrable. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par, should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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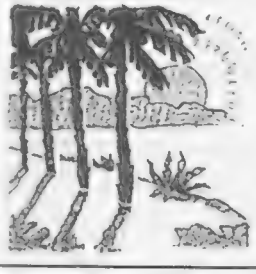

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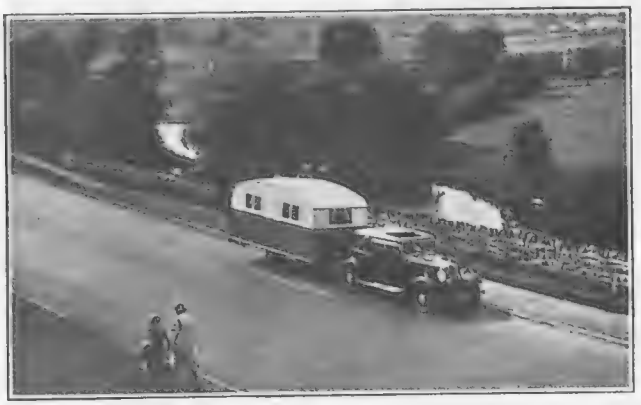

Caravanserai

On the way to the "Autocar" Caravan Rally to be held at Minehead this week: An Eccles four-berth caravan, one of the most commodious and well-fitted of its kind to be found on any caravan route

An aerial photograph of the Kurhaus at Bühlerhöhe, lying in the heart of the wonderful wooded hills and valleys of the Black Forest. In spite of the wildness of its surroundings, the Kurhaus is all that a modern hotel should be

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

Hors d'Œuvres
(Œufs à la Provençale)
Consommé en Tasse
Salade de Homard en Mascarade
Poulet à l'Americaine
Pommes Sautées,
Haricots Verts
Melon à la Russe
Café

Hors d'Œuvres
Œufs à la Provençale

Boil four eggs hard, shell and cut them in halves lengthways. Remove the yolks and pound them in a mortar with three boned anchovies, two ounces of watercress, some butter, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a pinch of cayenne. When pounded, rub through a hair sieve, and fill the whites with the mixture. Dish up on shredded lettuce, with the remainder of the mixture in the centre.

Salade de Homard en Mascarade

Take a plain round mould and place a jar inside filled with ice. Place a layer of well-flavoured aspic jelly at the bottom, which has been whisked up and coloured red. When nearly set, put this on ice, and, when quite set, add a layer of ordinary coloured aspic, also whisked-up. Then a layer of aspic, coloured green, and repeat all this till the mould is full. Place on ice till quite firm, then pour out the iced water from the jar and fill with hot water and remove it: then fill the space with lobster mayonnaise ready prepared beforehand. Place on ice until required (or for at least an hour), and then turn out, and garnish with aspic, slices of cucumber, and prawns.

Poulet à l'Americaine

Clean and cut up two tender chickens. Remove the breastbones with a sharp knife, leaving two fillets, and take out the necks, backbones, and ends of wings for chicken broth. Wipe carefully with a clean cloth, roll in flour, and place in a pan containing hot fat. Season with pepper and cover the pan closely. Cook in the oven slowly for an hour or an hour and a half, turning once during that time, and salt when the chicken is golden brown. When cooked, place on a hot dish, and make a gravy in the pan in which it was cooked, pouring off all fat and adding two tablespoonfuls of flour and, gradually, one cupful of milk and one cupful of cream. Pour over the chicken and serve.

Melon à la Russe

One gill of cream, one melon, 4 ounces white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve, mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace in the melon, putting on the top with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Wafer biscuits should be handed with this ice.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

KEEP YOUR HEAD . . .
And Your Hair in Perfect Condition.

A Specialist Has Given Serious Attention To One Of the Most Important Items of a Woman's Toilet.

It is all very well to say a woman's hair is a woman's glory—and there is no doubt that beautiful, lustrous hair, whether it is long or short, is one of the chief assets in a woman's compendium of charms—but no one ever seems to tell a woman how to keep her hair—and her scalp—in perfect condition.

There are many ways of dressing the hair: the hairdresser's art has developed during the last few years and, as I have said before in these columns, it is exceptional to see a woman whose hair is not carefully arranged and waved. But the real and lasting beauty of the hair depends on its health and the cleanliness and sanity of the scalp.

Another thing which is hardly realised is that the condition of the skin and complexion is largely influenced by the health or ill-health of the scalp. According to a well-known specialist a really healthy scalp is something of a phenomenon. Many skin troubles—rashes, "heat bumps," etc.—are caused by sebborœhea. This is a highly contagious condition, and it is the opinion of experts that both men and women are far too careless in the use of combs and brushes in public dressing-rooms, and that they should demand that these articles be sterilised by their hair-dressers.

It is also essential that they should keep their own scalps in a perfectly healthy condition. But, as I have said, the majority of people do not know how to do so.

Philip Mason, the manufacturing chemist at Norwich, who has devoted many years to the production of what we may call "beauty products" on scientific and pharmaceutically pure lines, has given special attention to the matter of the health and beauty of the hair. This firm produces special shampoos and lotions for the hair, adapted to the various needs of different constitutions and conditions.

Anyone who has the slightest anxiety about the condition of their scalp—if there is any sign of dandruff, any tendency to greasiness or to dryness, any unexplained irritation or rashes on neck, forehead, or face, would do well to send to Mason's for a copy of their comprehensive and interesting booklet and, after studying it and arriving at a conclusion about their needs, take a course of the appropriate lotion, soap and shampoo prepared by this long-established firm.

First and foremost, everyone should rid themselves of the superstition that frequent washing is bad for the hair. Hygiene is the basis of all health and beauty treatment, and shampooing with a suitable and antiseptic preparation is always beneficial. The circulation should also be kept active and if, owing to the hair being short, it gets less brushing than heretofore, manual massage or violet ray are advisable.

It is a waste of time and money to have dead, lifeless, greasy hair expensively dressed. The first thing to do is to see that the scalp is "surgically clean," that the hair itself is "alive," glossy, supple: it will then take the wave easily, and its colour and lustre will be becoming and a real adjunct to beauty. The hair is one of the things that one cannot cheat about: it is impossible to disguise its condition. If it is dull and lifeless or dry and brittle, no amount of waving or pomading will effect more than a very temporary miracle. It is therefore necessary and, indeed, essential, to start at the beginning and use a really good shampoo and lotion to keep the scalp in perfect condition, so that the hair shall be healthy, lively, and beautiful.

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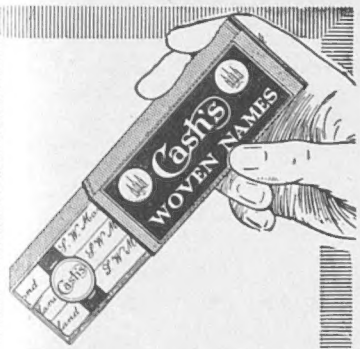

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POINT-TO-POINT REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

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ARE the SMARTEST and MOST RELIABLE in the WORLD.

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In White Putty and Fawn Shades

"POINT TO-POINT" (Regd). The smartest light-weight double texture waterproof coat on the market. Worn by the leading Race-goers at all the Meetings. The vent carries an inverted saddle flap at the back so that it can be worn for riding astride.

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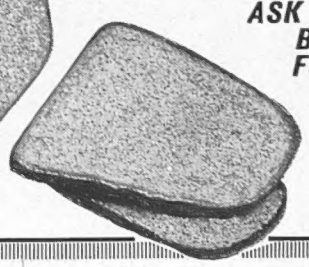

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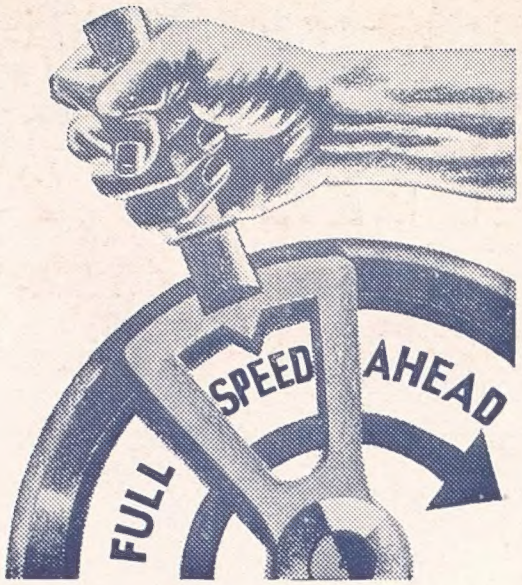

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